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World Review

INCORPORATING REVIEW OF REVIEWS

EDITED BY EDWARD HULTON

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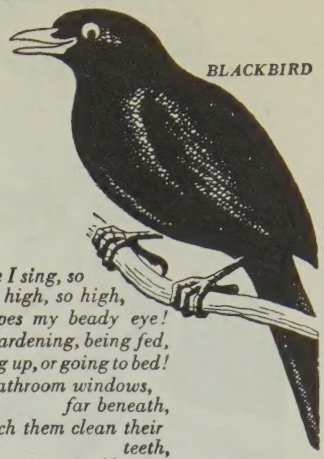

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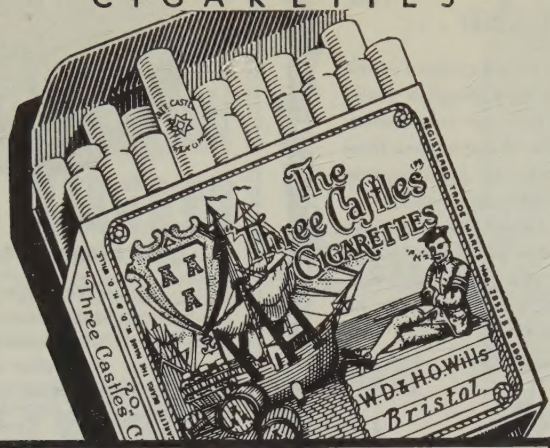

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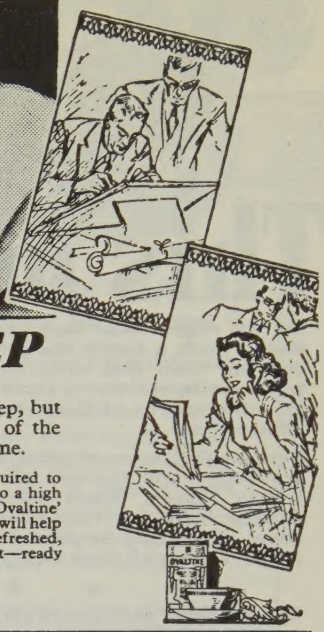

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THINKING ALOUD

Edward Heath

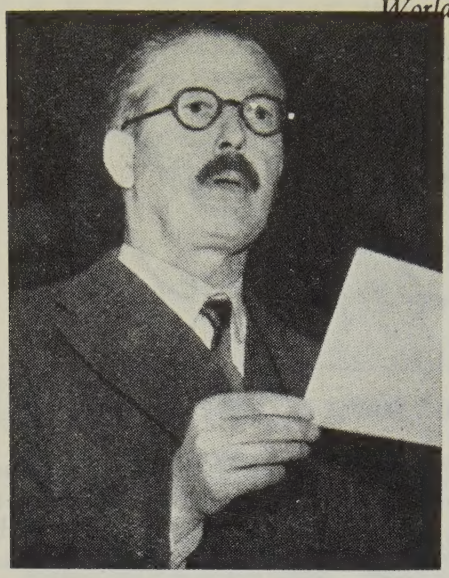
The Parting of the Ways

THE long-drawn-out conference at Moscow is over, and has failed; and this is at last, or it should be, the Parting of The Ways. All benevolent men and women would like some form of federation, or confederation, which would embrace the whole world. It can certainly be truly said that the West has gone far, very far—perhaps too far, to conciliate the East. However, what I had long suspected, and have sometimes put down in writing, is now proved to be true: that there is no chance whatsoever, at any time, of a real reconciliation between the normal nations of the world and Soviet Russia; though a *modus vivendi* may no doubt be found. There is no chance of 'one world'; unless Soviet Russia were permitted to conquer the other half of the world; or unless we drop the Atom Bomb upon the Soviets. (Not being the American President, I am absolved from deciding whether this latter course would be for the ultimate benefit of mankind, or not.)

Thus the world is, unfortunately, split into two parts; and the Continent of Europe is also split into two parts, separated by the Iron, or rather the Steel, Curtain. It is an unhappy state of affairs, but there it is. This being the case, no more time should be lost before we organise Western Europe, which must include Western Germany. The Soviets will have to get on with their own part of Germany as seems best to them. In our part, we should be guided solely by what is expedient; and this will generally be found to coincide pretty well with what we believe to be right.

We are now faced with a Western Germany entirely separated from Eastern Germany, for as long in the future as makes no difference. So we must clearly visualise this land of Western Germany. Western Europe must soon now become an effective Association of States, or we shall perish; and there is now plenty of American support for this design. And Western Europe must now be made to include Western Germany.

First for the general psychological approach to the 'German problem'. It is no use any longer looking upon the Germans as some kind of special race, in the sense that Hitler did; except that Hitler said that they were the *herrenvolk*, and we have been saying that they are the 'guilty folk'. The Germans will have to be regarded as an ordinary



HAROLD MACMILLAN'S *able work in Italy suggests him as a very suitable Civilian Commissioner for Western Germany*

people, with all an ordinary people's virtues, and sins. In fact, at the time of our victory and conquest we should have come in the guise of liberators of the ordinary German man and woman, of all classes, from the oppression of a minority of terrorists. This was the nearest to the truth; and it was the only possible working hypothesis.

'Denazification' should have ended ages ago, with the removal and punishment of the ringleaders of Nazism. The continued 'denazification' of technicians and village postmen, just because they inevitably happened to be nominal members of the National Socialist Party, must definitely be brought to a stop, or there will be no possibility of making German industry work; and the Germans will never accept any form of liberal, or other sane views.

How Large German Industry?

THIS brings up the problem of the future size and stature of German *industry*. Now the Rhine-Ruhr, if 'left to itself,' would again become the most powerful industrial area in Europe. This is well enough economically; yet naturally arouses political fears, especially amongst the French.

In fact, the Allied forces in Western Germany should be withdrawn as soon as possible; the point being that the United States, ourselves, and France must in any event possess adequate forces, or go under; but these forces need not be stationed in Germany, where they merely create an added desire for ultimate revenge. The Germans should even be permitted a token army of their own, for psychological reasons. For Western Germany is not today the principal menace to the peace of the world; and the only way to remain safe is for ourselves to be strong in the possession of the most modern-possible weapons.

As a part of the Western European Association, Western Germany would not be the most powerful partner; and there would also be the weight of the United States to take into consideration. The setting up of the Western European Association is also the only real way by which there can be an international commission to control the Area of the Rhine and Ruhr. This commission should not, of course, include the Russians, or the Americans; since they are outside the territories of the Association. It should include all Western European countries, with the exception of Franco Spain; though Britain and France would be the leading partners; and there would be a special preference for those states, such as Holland, which are specially interested in this area.

Subject to this, there is no reason why the industry of the Rhine-Ruhr should not be fully expanded. It would

British Zone *is divided into the three Länder of Schleswig Holstein, Lower Saxony and North-Rhine-Westphalia, plus City of Hamburg.* **American Zone** *into Greater Hesse, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg-Baden. Bremen is an American Enclave.* **French Zone** *has only one Land, the Rhine Palatinate. Other areas in Zone have not yet been made into Länder. Saar is joined to France by Customs Union. Towns marked are Administrative H.Q. of Länder*

be folly further to impoverish impoverished Europe, and the rest of the world.

From the psychological point of view, try to visualise the feelings of an ordinary young German. What would be *your* feelings under the present set-up? Given a fair and equal opportunity in the world, there is a chance that the ordinary German may become normal again. Given the present set-up, with the present doctrine of Germany's being a specially guilty nation, there is no chance at all.

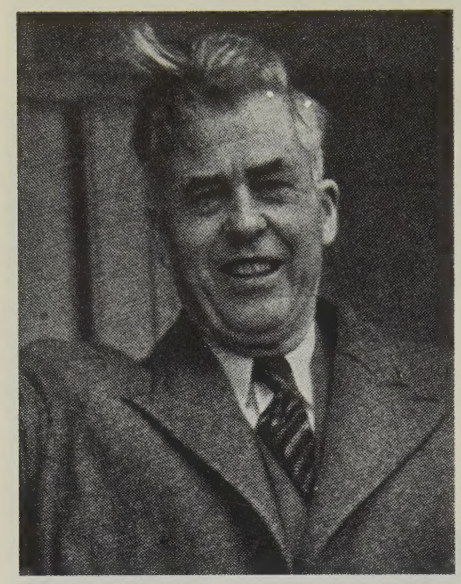
It is lamentable that the British Zone of Western Germany has never been entrusted to a statesman of the first rank. The association of British Germany with the Duchy of Lancaster, whilst providing another curiosity for constitutional students, has been an unnecessary insult to the German people, and to Reason herself.

Macmillan the Man!

THE man to run British Germany is Harold Macmillan. As special commissioner in the Mediterranean during the war, he proved himself a great statesman; and in his control of Italy he was most intelligent and statesmanlike. He would probably be acceptable to all political parties.

It remains an anomaly that our general treatment of the Italians has been infinitely more liberal, and more sensible, than our treatment of their German colleagues; though there is no reason at all on moral grounds why the Germans should receive worse treatment than the equally blameworthy Italians.

Yet there is this query: why should the Italians now be deprived of all their colonies, including their pre-Fascist territories? This is, psychologically, a



HENRY WALLACE *says Jewish violence is necessary. This is very near incitement to murder*

severe and gratuitous blow to their morale. The Italian Colonies would be an outlet for enterprising, restless, and possibly war-making spirits; and would constitute some outlet for Italy's everlasting over-population. A paragraph in *World Review*'s predecessor, *The Review of Reviews*, in the 1890s, prophesied that, if the gates of the United States were shut to German and Italian immigrants, there would be trouble. This prophecy has been amply fulfilled.

Wallace is Dangerous!

THERE is no more dangerous individual jay-walking today than Henry A. Wallace of U.S.A. Far too many people are inclined to dismiss him as a mere harmless, well-meaning fool. And far too many people concede him honesty. Why should it be assumed that he is more honest than any other politician? In fact, numberless politicians who have gone in for star-gazing and moralising in a big way have been proved in the event to be unusually dishonest.

Wallace's ideas are unconstructive, unpractical, confused and inconsistent. They are not even consistently pacific. For, the other day in Paris he declaimed that Jewish violence was necessary in Palestine, in order to arouse the conscience of the world, and to bring about ultimate peace. Why does he regard the Jews as a *herrenvolk* who may commit murder, when others may not? Indeed, his speech was very near to being an incitement to murder, which incitement is a criminal offence in itself. His new flattery of Britain is nauseating, bearing in mind his recent attacks upon Britain delivered in America. And why did he single out Britain as the most Imperialist power?

He is far more dangerous than an obvious or honest enemy. He is dangerous because he is stirring up strife between Britain and the United States; and trying to persuade the Russians that the Americans and the British are not in earnest in their defence of world freedom.

Most of all he is dangerous because he symbolises the phoney type of liberalism. There is nothing more noble, and more needed, in the world of today than the true liberal spirit. Unfortunately, recent events have indicated that there are two kinds of liberals in the world, the genuine ones, and the phoney ones. The phoney liberals are, first of all, appeasers—and appeasers not of what appears to be right, but of what appears to be strong. Thus the same type of person appeased Hitler in his day, and now appeases Stalin. The phoney liberal is eaten up and consumed with jealousy of certain traditional foes. Thus the phoney American liberal hates Britain; while

the phoney British liberal hates American 'big-business'. Worst of all, the phoney liberal has been proved to be not consistent in his pacifism. (This goes for Gandhi and his associates, who were not above co-operating with the malignant and violent Japanese.) The phoney's philosophy is chockful of inconsistencies, prejudices, and wholly dishonest 'rationalisations'. Thus, he appeases the powerful and aggressive Soviet Union; but he does not appease the less powerful, and less aggressive, Britain, or the less aggressive American men and institutions which he happens to dislike. He does not appease the British troops in Palestine, who are merely trying to obey orders and maintain order. On the other hand, the metamorphosis of modern Zionism from a pacific into a violent movement does not receive his condemnation. It wins his warmest support.

The world will never know progress until genuine liberals have searched their hearts pretty thoroughly, and sharply differentiated themselves from their phoney brethren. The only guide for the genuine liberal should be, not 'Is it strong', but 'Is it right?' It is also necessary to point out that the genuine liberal, if he is to help the world, must be practical. Practical enough, at any rate, to realise fully that in this wicked world police forces, and armies, are still necessary.

Hats On!

A Woman Correspondent writes—The sun, at last returning soon after May Day, brought a lot of smart women and girls into the streets of London, who suddenly burst out like flowers. Some relaxation of austerity has begun to make London women dress much more smartly, though not as smartly as Parisiennes or New Yorkers. It certainly looks as if, given a chance, women want to react violently from the drabness of war, and the sort of garments they had to wear in the Services. Everything is definitely becoming 'more feminine'. Girls who a short time ago

Summer dress by Crompton Perry. *Paris women are already completely hobbled. Now the hobble-skirt comes to Britain. This dress has a small waist, necessitating real corsets. The hips are big, over a pencil skirt which enforces on the wearer the new mincing steps. The heels are perilously high. Thus femininity returns*

would not tolerate hats, are now wearing them again, some of them almost of the size of the proverbial cartwheel, and many decked with veils, instead of the ubiquitous coloured glasses with which women of late have preserved their modesty. Feathers and plumes of all sorts are bursting forth, partly perhaps in celebration of the Queen's visit to South Africa. And it has been demonstrated on the films and elsewhere that the plucking, of ostrich plumes at any rate, is not painful, if rather undignified, for the bird. Masculine-looking shoulders, padded into squareness, are giving place to the hock bottles beloved of the Victorians. All the latest fashion illustrations lay emphasis upon a small waist. Skirts for the daytime are starting to get perilously long. Low heels, and wedges, are giving way to high heels. Even low necks are said to be about to yield to high collars.

She Hobbles to Reconquer!

THERE has been a great war between America and France, with Britain a semi-belligerent on the American side. The Americans have tried to perpetuate the wartime, co-ed, bobbysox style, with loose, adolescent clothes. The French, after the Liberation, immediately made a courageous attempt to get back their world mastery. Their political ladies can now be seen supporting enormous hats, very unlike the headgear still worn by the wives of British Cabinet Ministers. The French wanted the utmost smartness; and they desire to cater for the mature woman of round about thirty, and not for the young girl, as the Anglo-Saxons do. The British, in between, attempted to compromise on something loose and comfortable.

Now France seems to have won. The American magazine, *Life*, chronicles that even American college girls have been cajoled into giving up their trousers, and are going back to narrow skirts, which the Americans call 'stride-restricters'.

Paris defies all practical difficulties. Everywhere you behold big hats and veiled faces. Woman's waist is now again submitted to the most exacting corsets. In fact it is squeezed to the very utmost, and beyond. Heels are higher, and smaller at the base, than they have ever been before. In the evening, the neck is confined in a high tight choker of pearls. And many of the day dresses have high collars with bones. In the evening, skirts are either tremendously full, or exceedingly narrow. For day, the new designer, Christian Dior, about whom women have gone mad, is completely adamant. Entreat as you may, he insists upon a skirt nearly down to the ankles, and this skirt has got to be a real 'hobble'. A few months ago the Paris *couturiers* determined to restrict the length of women's strides. Many young women, just out of their comfortable uniforms, are indignant about this. But Dior remains tyrannical. Today the legs of almost every Parisienne, old or young, are confined in the tightest of tight 'hobbles'.

Now the effect is just beginning to be felt in London. The *Daily Sketch*, in a big headline, announces that 'Hobble Skirts are Coming Back to Stay, despite all the recent controversy'. This can be seen at the British Industries Fair. Some dressmakers here are even starting to refuse to make day skirts which are not quite long, and which do not hobble the limbs[1]. Again, as in Paris, some of the new dresses and blouses are being made with high collars. These are extraordinarily smart. But, unfortunately, they have to be tight round

[1] *The Star* announces the doom of the short skirt.

the neck, and they have to be kept up with bones, which are uncomfortable when you are used to being free. All the same, a psychologist would surely say that the newest type of modern girl, although she is beginning to be submitted again to corsets and a high collar, and is again having her knees firmly shackled, is tending to regain some of that influence and sway over men which was enjoyed by the dressed-up ladies of pre-1914 days.

Escape from Bulgaria

A FRIEND of mine has just reached England from behind the Steel Curtain in Bulgaria. 'Fellow travellers' may deny that the Steel Curtain exists. It is sufficient to talk to those few who return to the West to realise that it exists all right! This friend had a successful business in Bulgaria before the war. When the Russian troops arrived his life was saved in rather a fantastic way. The inevitable lorry turned up at his door, filled with soldiers armed to the teeth. Luckily for himself, he was at this time living in the house of a certain Bulgarian doctor. The Soviet officer, brandishing a revolver, thought that he was the doctor. Upon his explaining that he was not, the officer roared with laughter, 'Ha, ha, we have heard that before. You had better come with us at once, where one of our Comrades is sick.' He was taken to the Soviet camp, where one man had an immense swelling on his neck. Knowing nothing at all about medicine, he nevertheless applied some kind of powder to this affliction. For some reason, next day the swelling had entirely disappeared. My friend's life was saved. He at last obtained, through the good offices of the British Mission, permission to leave the country. But he can never return; and his business, which he built up over fourteen years, is lost.

He told me how the Russians got a potato crop in Bulgaria. They told the peasants that they must concentrate on potatoes. When, however, the potatoes were grown, they said that they must not be lifted. They then sent round special gangs who took all the potatoes away. They are perhaps less likely to be able to get such crops in the future. Certainly one of the reasons for the world food shortage is the great reduction of production in Eastern Europe owing to Soviet interference.

The Russian officers in Bulgaria do not now deny the parlous state of the Soviet economy, and the great hunger in the Soviet Union, at any rate when they are drunk. Russian soldiers who have once been to Bulgaria are seldom permitted to return to Russia. Rather than this, their families are allowed to come out to Bulgaria; and these in turn never return to their motherland. It seems that the comparative prosperity of poor little Bulgaria is considered too dazzling a sight for the citizens of the 'Socialist Sixth of the World'.

The D.P. Scandal Continues

WHILST the operations of UNRRA have been subjected to a certain amount of criticism, it remains to be seen how the International Refugee Organisation of the United Nations, which takes over from UNRRA on 1 July, will cope with the still pressing problems. This organisation still awaits the final legislative appropriations from the countries concerned. Meanwhile the position of the unfortunate D.P.s in Germany and Austria and elsewhere is uncertain and dangerous. The blood of these innocent people will be upon our heads!

What progress is being made to avail

ourselves of their much-required labour here? The British press is still, on the whole, taking a silly line. The other day an unfortunate girl was selected from Germany, and sent here as a domestic servant. It was then apparently discovered that she had no previous experience of such work. A noisy British paper headlined: 'Servant Arrives with Trunks Full of Gowns'. The report had merely stated that she had arrived with three trunks of clothes, which seem to have included an evening dress. I do not suppose that many D.P.s have all this luggage. Yet supposing that she was a person of some means before the war, and was taken into forced employment in Germany by the Nazis, three bags to contain all her worldly goods is not, after all, so very much. Moreover, today the possession of an evening dress does not mean that a woman is a millionairess. And, if she had no experience of domestic work, was there not other work which she could usefully have done here?

Why UNA?

UNA—the United Nations Association—is making a brave attempt to get up interest in UNO—that is the United Nations Organisation—in this country. I hate to throw cold water on well-meaning people. Yet what precisely is the value of this UNA? UNO has been proved to be useless, by the final failure of the Moscow Conference, and the impossibility of working with the Soviet Union. In particular, it has been made valueless by the imposition by the Soviets of the Veto.

Marshall and Truman have been compelled to bypass UNO in respect of their campaign to help Greece and Turkey, and generally defend the Western world from Soviet attack. The Anglo-Saxons are already gravely addicted to imitating the undignified posture of the ostrich. Any organisation, such as UNA, which encourages the Anglo-Saxons to perfect this gymnastic performance must be treated with reserve.

Our King and Queen

I WOULD not like to write this without respectfully wishing the best of futures to our Royal Family on their return from South Africa.

Might I again suggest that all the trouble taken over the official drive in an open carriage would have been all the more worth while if it could have been accompanied by a 'Sovereign's Escort' of Life Guards and Horse Guards, *in their full dress*. This is a bit of Old England that everybody loves. Why should we be deprived of it when, under modern conditions of production, the cost is so trifling? The British Grenadiers in their scarlet and bearskins, like the Beefeaters, and the London Bobby (how are we to attract American tourists if his distinctive helmet is now to be abolished?) are very near to the heart of every normal Briton, despite Mr. Priestley's clever articles. And in commercial language, they are really a better advertisement for our beloved King and Queen, and for our great country, which will rise again, than many other institutions, such as, for example, the firing of guns in Hyde Park by the remaining battery of the Royal Horse Artillery which still wears blue and busbies, but who, like cuckoos, cannot be seen through the green foliage and exuberant springtime boscage.

In any event, we are glad and proud to have our King and Queen back again. Long may they reign!

The Parthenon, symbol of the greatness of the Classical Greeks. Do the modern Greeks possess a similar greatness?

Greek Reality

The international significance of Greece has never been greater. The key to an objective view of the internal situation is an understanding of the Greek *character*, and its mercurial attitude to politics

DAVID TUDOR-POLE

To achieve a whole understanding of events in Greece, two preliminaries are necessary. The first is a sure grasp of the Greek mentality, the Greek context, and all that is implied by these; the second is a comprehension of the extent of the distortion of fact and comment which has appeared and still is appearing in the British press.

This is, of course, necessary to a greater or lesser degree when considering any situation in no matter what country, but it is of exceptional importance in relation to Greece. Why, and in what sense, this is so, it is the intention of this article to demonstrate, and in so doing, to provide a yardstick, a sense of ratio, which the intelligent reader may apply to Greek news reaching him through the imperfect medium of the press.

It is true, possibly, that nothing in the world is what it seems at first glance; of Greece it is infallibly true. But the daily press, by and large, deals in first glances; it has no time for more. And comment is made at the home end on the basis of these

first glances and in relation to the different political context at the home end.

A Greek officer returning recently from his first visit to Britain, remarked: 'As far as I could make out, few English people know where Greece is on the map, let alone what 'the situation' is about and, quite frankly, I got the impression they couldn't care less.'

This may be taken with a pinch of snuff, but it is symptomatic of the abrupt readjustment of values which faces any Greek visiting Britain for the first time. The realisation that England is not hanging breathlessly upon day-to-day developments in Greece is disconcerting.

Politics are not a national pastime in Greece, but a national industry; an industry which employs a substantial portion of the population full-time and the remainder part-time. And the entire industry is convinced irredeemably that Greece is of vital importance to Britain, that British troops are there exclusively to protect Britain's interests, that their country is the centre of the world scene, regarded breathlessly from all sides as the site of a titanic clash between the 'Western Democracies' and the 'Slav bloc'. In a word, no less than the future of civilisation is to be determined there.

Armed Macedonian tribesman

Nothing will induce a Greek to modify this view, be he of Right or Left. Perhaps a certain psychological satisfaction is gained from it. That Greece—a little, barren, poverty-stricken land of some six and a half million people—should be the constant object of the world's attention, solemnly debated in the Council Chambers of the United Nations, the cause of so much impressive diplomatic thought and action by the Great Powers; this to every Greek, whatever his politics and however badly he considers the situation may be going, is a source of pleasure in itself. The Greek, after all, is very human and the most intense of individualists!

To commend a politician the usual Greek expression is: 'He *makes* good politics.' The verb is the operative word, and provides a key to the Greek mentality. Samples of this manufactured product daily glut the Athens market.

On New Year's Day the KKE (Communist) daily *Rizospastis* carried an ambiguous[1] review of the situation by the prominent Communist leader, Zachariades. After stating that Greece stood uncertain and completely bankrupt, he wrote that if the nation took courage from the example of the 'Democratic Army', which was fighting till victory was won, 1947 might see the end of the mortal crisis that was strangling her, etc.

'Democratic Army' is, of course, KKE terminology for those described by the present Foreign Minister, Tsaldaris, as 'a conglomeration of bandits'.

Farce or Tragedy?

This article created a sensation[2] in Athenian political circles, as never before had a KKE leader so openly acknowledged support and leadership of the rebel bands. But, stressed Right Wing circles, Zachariades, by admitting that the bands are under his leadership, intends to produce the impression—for the benefit of the UNO Commission of Enquiry—that bandit

[1] Unless the author can see at least sixteen moves ahead, all Greek political statements tend to ambiguity.

[2] Again to be taken with a pinch of snuff! Political sensation is the lifeblood of Athens.

Greek village store in which peasants congregate to talk politics and exchange UNRRA rations for olive oil

activities are a purely domestic affair and are not due to foreign instigation.

Now here comes the Greek touch—a perfect example of the Greek thought-processes and, incidentally, of the Greek's own self-criticism that, by being over clever in detail, he becomes stupid in the whole. Since Zachariades' article was legally actionable—in so far as he had supported openly rebels against the State—he only wrote it in the certainty that the Government could take no action because this would be a tacit avowal that bandit activities *were* an internal problem. This would lessen substantially the painstaking case that they were due largely to foreign instigation, made by Tsaldaris before UNO.

'This is farcical!' the reader will exclaim. And the answer to that is: 'Yes, but it is Greek reality.' It is farce, but serious farce. Since serious farce is obviously a contradiction of terms, one is led to the designation: 'Greek reality'. And as such it is real, only too pathetically real—in Greece.

Fear, or hope, of Slav encroachment is real. For at least seventy per cent of the population it is fear, not academic fear, but a personal, naked apprehension of an influx from the north tomorrow, next week, at any moment. It is fear to the point of neurosis, leading to hysteria and intense emotion.

East *versus* West

Seen from the Greek angle in the context of titanic struggle between East and West, political events in Athens are real. Vast, elaborate castles of conclusion and speculation are built almost instantaneously on every nuance, every twist and turn in national and international affairs. An unconfirmed press report, a few off-the-record words from a minister or distinguished visitor, a piece of Embassy gossip—any of these is sufficient foundation. And their repetition gives them substance; soon they are 'fact'.

How often has it been emphasised by both the late and present British Governments and by the long succession of Greek

Carrying stones for the construction of the new museum at Delphi

A young Greek girl in the streets of Athens during celebration of the 6th anniversary of Fascist aggression in Greece

Cabinets, that before political stability can be achieved, economic stability must be established? Yet in this welter of political unrest and international uncertainty—magnified a hundred times through Greek eyes—what Greek is going to invest capital in Greece? Who is going to establish new undertakings and develop existing businesses, to reconstruct and plan on a long-term basis? Certainly not a Greek government at the present time. How could *anyone* be so stupid, the Greek will argue, as to do anything before the outcome of 'East versus West' is settled? Too much was destroyed last time.

No amount of competent advice from foreign economic missions without executive power can establish confidence. And without confidence, foreign loans, UNRRA and UNO aid amount to no more than a 'dole', upon which, in fact, Greece has been, and is, living.

It is from this, the economic sphere, that the apparently patent absurdities of 'Greek reality' draw a major portion of their legitimacy. And this is but one of a series of vicious circles which beset the Greeks in the aftermath of war and revolution.

Influence of Foreign Press

The national industry of politics is fed constantly, if not always wittingly, from abroad. There can be little doubt now of the immense help rendered to the EAM-ELAS cause by the partisanship of the foreign press in December 1944.

The sympathetic treatment of *The Times*, the strongly expressed views of the British Left Wing press and, almost without exception, the marked bias of the U.S. press, had an effect in Greece out of all proportion to their significance and relative importance in their own respective national contexts. It was a heady champagne which exhilarated Greek quarrels to the point of frenzy.

It is difficult to convey the importance which the Greek mentality—with its strains of brilliance, worldliness, and

A young flower seller in national costume

A peasant woman carrying water in the Greek island of Skyros

astonishing naïveté—attaches to foreign reactions as expressed in the press. They inflate his sense of importance beyond all bounds; and influence his actions in a very real way.

To take an extreme simile: were the world's attention suddenly to be focused upon the local politics of Lancaster, would not even the phlegmatic Lancastrians begin to think that what happened there was of more than ordinary importance and, before long, of world significance? Take Greece, the Greeks and a not unimportant situation, and foreign partisanship becomes so many flaming brands thrown into a sea of oil.

A self-igniting chain is set up which progressively exacerbates. Once the Greek politician discovered that kudos and support could be gained so easily in the foreign press, the industry received a new impetus. In Lancaster a City Councillor, whose views were commented upon in the newspapers of the world, could not but grow in prestige and importance. How much more so then in Greece, where phalanxes of highly competitive correspondents are so easily accessible? And although, by and large, most correspondents are reasonably responsible, it is extremely difficult in Greece long to remain unaffected by the conditions of 'Greek reality', extremely difficult to assess with accuracy from *Athens* what really is happening in *Greece*, extremely difficult to trace a sure way through the labyrinthine complexities of day-to-day developments, distinguishing purely local from world proportions.

Since December 1944, a vicious two-way traffic has developed. Distorted reports abroad are elaborated in Greece for local political and partisan purposes, giving rise to further reports abroad. A substantial portion of space in the Greek press is devoted to reprints and comment on Greek news as reported elsewhere, and there are many points where it is not difficult for further

garbling to occur. Here is another endemic process of aggravation.

Distorted News

Apart from false reports in the British press, there is a constant tendency for the significance of partially factual reports to be mal-emphasised out of proportion and context. First, to take a concrete example of the purely false.

During the autumn recess last year two Labour M.P.s arrived unexpectedly in Athens. Following their private audience with the then Regent, Archbishop Damaskinos, the usual gaggle of allegedly factual accounts of the interview began to circulate in the capital. The next day a substantial London Sunday paper front-paged one of these 'factual' accounts.

The M.P.s, it appeared, had informed the Regent that 'Mr. Bevin's foreign policy towards Greece no longer had the support of the majority of the Labour Party.' Sensation in Athens where publication in such a journal carried weight![1]

This report was untrue in every respect, and six weeks later, following representations from the two M.P.s concerned, the paper published a denial and apology. It was the *Sunday Times*!

Secondly, here is an example of false emphasis which carries the story's basic facts beyond veracity. Following the plebiscite on the Monarchy issue last September, it was learnt in Athens that mines had been placed on the Salonika road. Over reports of this even in the London press appeared such headlines as 'ATHENS' SOLE LAND-LINK WITH SALONIKA CUT' and 'GUERRILLAS BLOCK GREEK ARMY SUPPLY ROUTE'. Such was the 'news angle' and the copy stressed these points.

The Athens story—also to a certain extent echoed in Britain—elaborated considerably. Here was a strategic plan directed from Moscow to disrupt the northern frontier Army's lines of communication; here was the fifth column sabotaging behind the lines; invasion was at hand!

Now for the facts. It is true that there is only one road from Athens to Salonika and it is true that this road was blocked effectively by mines. But their relative significance can be judged from the following, all of which are well known to every Greek:

One. This through-road is of only secondary importance as an Athens-Salonika supply route, principally being used for local communication between towns and villages lying on it.

Two. It is blocked effectively in two places every winter by an ordinary process of Nature—snow.

Three. A map is scarcely necessary to the realisation that Greece's internal communication system is primarily a sea one, numerous coastal ports linking up the various productive hinterlands in an otherwise barren land.

Four. The supply system of the Northern Army is and always has been based on the sea, and were command of this to be lost, the land route would not be an adequate substitute.

So much for 'Moscow's strategy' as seen in Athens! And so much for the relative significance of these incidents.

These examples are but two chosen at random from a myriad. What the sum total of distortion and falsehood must amount to in terms of misguided and muddled opinion in Britain can only be guessed. It is not an iron curtain which surrounds Greece, but a wall of fog.

In these circumstances a responsibility rests on every reader to think again before reaching an opinion on this traditionally friendly country.

Greece's strategic value has been constantly over-emphasised, but in human and moral terms Britain still has an immense obligation towards her. And in the discharge of this obligation a—in the archaic sense—*considerate* public opinion is of no little importance.

[1] They are learning now, though!

THE QUESTION OF CONSCRIPTION

Captain Liddell Hart, distinguished writer on military strategy, objectively summarises the case for and against Conscription, before casting a negative vote

CAPTAIN B. H. LIDDELL HART

SOON after the war ended, the United States Government favoured the continuance of conscription in peacetime. It has now decided—'in an earnest desire to place the Services on an entirely volunteer basis'—to ask Congress not to extend the draft act.

That policy offers a striking contrast with the steps which the British Government has taken to continue the system. Perhaps it, too, may have second thoughts, after a longer time lag. For its decision would seem to have been a product of wartime habit and post-war sense of insecurity, rather than careful thought.

Our growing economic difficulties, however, have now focused attention on the shortage of manpower for industry, and the way this is aggravated by the drain of conscripts for the Services. We are finding that, in the sphere of foreign policy, industrial weakness tends to discount military strength. So a concise survey of the more fundamental factors in the case may not come amiss at this juncture. It represents conclusions reached in long study of the problem that brought a change of mind on my own part—from an initial tendency to favour conscription.

The system of conscription has a number of marked advantages. It is the most *systematic* method of raising armies, and the easiest to organise. It is thus a boon to planners. They can make their calculations with precision, and can count on filling their columns without any headaches. No imaginative effort is required in recruiting, or in improving Service conditions. The men must come when called, whether they like it or not.

It is the *cheapest* system—in proportion to numbers enlisted. Men of good quality and technical ability can be obtained without regard to rates of pay. That is impossible with a professional army recruited on a voluntary basis.

It appears the most *democratic* system, since it demands an equal extent of service from all. But its fairness may be found dubious on deeper analysis of the social and psychological factors, after taking account of mental and temperamental diversity, as well as of the practical workings of the system. There can be no true equality in uniform treatment of those who are naturally suited to military service and those who are not—and it is a

most obvious truth of human experience that the more that men increase in civilised value, the more they are inclined to lose the pugnacity that is desirable for fighting. Nevertheless, the appearance of equality has an obvious appeal in a political system that is aiming at equalitarianism.

Argument for Conscription

Conscription seems more democratic, also, in that the power residing in skill at arms is distributed among the citizens of a country, instead of being confined to a section. It thus carries the promise of checking an abuse of such power by a professional caste whose interests may run counter to those of the community as a whole. Here again, the experience of history suggests that this assumption is an illusion. But such appearances tend to be comforting.

Another argument for conscription is that it gives the youth of a nation a necessary discipline and spirit of service to the community. Although it has too often been a favourite argument of war-minded leaders abroad, and is therefore suspect, it should not be lightly discounted on that score. A sense of discipline is needed, in one way or another, for good citizenship. The lack of it has become marked since the breakdown of parental authority, and the ill-effects are rampant. Military service often brings an improvement. But the use of such a substitute is a confession of educational failure, in the home and in the school. It would better be remedied by concentrating on the problem early instead of leaving it until late and hoping it may come as a secondary product of training for war. The very fact that leading soldiers tend to advocate conscription for its value as social discipline raises a doubt whether they have an ulterior motive and whether the system is really essential on pure military grounds.

Conscription is the only system that can produce a very large army. This is its principal justification, and is important so long as the chief assurance of a nation's security in peace and victory in war rests in the *number of men* under arms. From a military point of view, largeness has other advantages of which any government's military advisers are conscious, though they would hesitate to use them as arguments. The larger the army, the larger the number of high-grade appointments, and thus the better the prospects of promotion —which is the very natural explanation why those professional soldiers who are most scornful of 'civilians' welcome their conscription into the army, even though it means a weakening of the soldierly spirit. It would be unreasonable to blame them for promoting their interests—for that is normal human nature—but we should understand, and take account of, the subconscious motive.

Disadvantages of Conscription

Even from a military point of view, however, the conscription system carries a number of *serious disadvantages* that have to be weighed against these apparent advantages.

In the first place, we have to consider its underlying effect on efficiency. The longest possible period of conscript service in peacetime is not long enough to develop the standard of skill attainable with long-service volunteers, and the time required increases with the technical complexity of weapons. But beyond the time factor lies a psychological factor. Enthusiasm is the mainspring of efficiency, and is inherently incompatible with compulsion.

This, of course, does not imply that a compulsorily enlisted man cannot develop enthusiasm for his job, or that an army on a voluntary basis carries on without compulsion. Moreover, a fair degree of efficiency can be attained without men being very keen on their job. But the higher degrees of efficiency arise from a dynamic impulse that is essentially spontaneous, and this in turn depends on the least possible sense of compulsion. A modern army cannot afford to aim at less than the higher degrees of efficiency, and therefore of enthusiasm.

Conscription also tends to weaken the

reliability of an army, especially under stress and strain. An unwilling soldier is a germ-carrier of demoralisation, likely to spread infection out of all proportion to his enforced contribution. With growing experience of modern war, the fighting services have learnt that it is wiser to discard men whose morale is dubious—whether from temperament or prolonged nerve-strain—rather than force them to go into action, as was the former habit. Nothing is so infectious as panic. In the increasingly individualistic conditions of modern warfare, any weak element becomes more dangerous. The system of compulsory service naturally multiplies the chances of such weakness.

Conscription runs counter to the *qualitative* trend of modern warfare. It fosters the fetish of numbers, at a time when real superiority of force is coming to depend more and more on specialised skill and individual initiative. In this connection it is significant that the German leaders were led, by experience, to give increasing emphasis to the use of *special storm troops* for all important tasks. The Nazi movement itself was essentially a voluntary movement, exclusive rather than comprehensive, while the most vital sections of the German forces—the air, tank, parachute, and S.S. units—were recruited on a semi-voluntary basis. There is little evidence to suggest that the ordinary 'mass' of the German army had anything like the same enthusiasm, and considerable evidence to suggest that it contributed a basic weakness in Germany's apparent strength.

A conscript army also has the drawback of being slow to mobilise, and in a democratic country there is a natural inclination to delay its mobilisation. It can never have the same readiness for action as a professional army. It is thus far less fitted to meet the danger of a modern *blitzkrieg* type of invasion—and still less suited to meet the dangers of atomic attack. At the same time it tends to preserve the old view, now an illusion, that the strength of a country lies in its weight of armed numbers, and fosters a false sense of security.

Beyond these general military disadvantages, the system of conscription does not fit Britain's distinctive military problems, which lie mainly overseas. In contrast to Continental states, the primary task of Britain's land forces is the defence of territories abroad, not of her home frontiers. That need can only be met by a voluntary, professional army, as all the advocates of compulsory service are compelled to admit. At most, conscription

Basil Liddell Hart, 'The Great Captain'. One of the ablest military minds of any period or country, though, like many prophets, even more respected abroad, and amongst enemy nations, than in his own country. Usually the subject of acute controversy whenever his name is mentioned. Some go so far as to say, 'he has always been wrong!' He has, nevertheless, been only too right on many important occasions; and the brilliance of his thought cannot be denied by anybody. A soldier who instinctively hates war, and is an idealistic liberal, his theories of the Strategic Defence and of the Indirect Approach have severely exercised the minds of orthodox soldiers. He has certainly at least two solid achievements to his credit—his lead in the development of tank warfare and in the reforms in the British Army on the eve of World War II

is only a supplement, not the main solution, of the problem.

But in advocating that supplementary purpose, they overlook the drawbacks of mixing compulsory service with voluntary recruitment. Experience provides reason to fear that the effect tends to reproduce, in the military sphere, the adage that 'bad coinage drives out good'. Between the First and Second World Wars, military opinion in France came to see the importance of creating a professional mechanised striking force in addition to the conscript army. But efforts to recruit an adequate professional element had disappointing results—in a country that was habituated to the idea of short-term compulsory service. The lack of such a force, instantly ready, was a decisive factor in preventing the French from checking Hitler's re-occupation of the Rhineland in 1936.

Economy of Force

It can thus be seen that the military advantages of the system are accompanied by a still greater number of disadvantages which are qualitatively more serious. But beyond this reckoning, due account must be taken of the disadvantages in a wider sphere.

In the first place, conscription causes a larger subtraction than a long service professional force from the manpower available for industry. We are now beginning to feel, acutely, the economic draught of the military drafts. There is no country whose economic system is less suited than Britain's to bear the extra strain of military conscription.

A second fundamental drawback of conscription is that it gives the military hierarchy greater influence, and creates a bigger vested interest in warlike activities. In a country such as Britain, and in other democracies, the danger of it fostering aggressive tendencies may be discounted, but even in a peaceful country that increased influence may promote greater military demands than the national economy can safely bear.

The adoption of conscription in the last two great wars has been a powerful force in leading us to disregard the basic principle of *economy of force*, and abandon the strength-conserving 'British Way in Warfare' which we followed with great advantage earlier. In 1914–18, and again in 1939–45, we became so absorbed in 'winning the war', and put so much effort into it, as to forget that the result really depends on remaining strong enough to 'win the peace'—as we did after previous great wars. That we should be forced to continue conscription in peacetime now, after apparent victory, is the clearest proof that we have lost more than we have gained from the outcome, and from our own all-out effort.

Conscription is now being used to undertake peacetime commitments that are beyond what we can safely bear in our present economic situation, and which we could not fulfil in war—if challenged by a Great Power. It is foolish for a nation to stretch a protecting arm over what it cannot defend effectively against attack, and to make promises that are likely to collapse like piecrust under pressure. The Polish Guarantee was a lesson we should not forget.

A more subtle danger of conscription is that it weakens patriotism. That is natural, for compulsion atrophies the sense of personal responsibility, and fosters the spirit of evasion. The countries that have long been habituated to the compulsory system have shown a high percentage of deserters and 'fifth columnists', together with a marked disposition to sudden collapse. We should not lightly risk our record of almost complete immunity from betrayal within.

This reflection leads us to the most fundamental conclusion of all. Conscription immensely increases the power of the state over the individual. It has been of great service to dictators as a means of enslaving the people to their own purposes. Liberty-loving peoples are foolish if they help to preserve such a system as a natural and proper custom. For conscription has been the cancer of civilisation.

General view of Melilla, the port of Er Rif

Searchlight on Er Rif

International trouble-spots are usually obscure—till they boil over. Here is the romantic inside story of an area still shrouded in mystery, rich in resources, oil, gold, antimony: for international collaboration or conflict?

MICHAEL CORVIN

In writing about the history of Er Rif, the Mediterranean part of Morocco, one is tempted to use the style of the late Rider Haggard, for one can find all the ingredients of one of his stories: splendour and poverty, cruelty, mystery and hidden treasures. The simple fact that the Barbary coast chieftains could, as late as 1820, exact tribute from Baltic seaports for not attacking the ships of Baltic traders, is surprising enough. The independence and isolation of a comparatively small area so near one of the most frequented highways of the world would be really astonishing, if one did not know that Er Rif has been for several decades a Spanish Protectorate.

The Spaniards did not do much to exploit, or even to get to know, the hinterland of the towns of Tangier, Tetuan and Melilla, which they had occupied centuries ago. While the French in the adjoining Algiers pacified and developed the country with an enormous zest, the Spaniards under the old régime were content to quell smaller uprisings of independent tribes, and to get what they could without much exertion. The task of exploring the country, hilly and, except for small areas, arid as it is, was left to foreigners—mainly French geologists. Until the beginning of this century few people knew anything at all about the conditions of this strip of land, the extent of which is some 275 by 30–40 miles. Tourists and visitors never penetrated beyond a few towns and coastal villages: the fierce Kabyles of the interior had rather unpleasant customs.

Then, at the beginning of this century, two Germans, the brothers Mannesmann, owners of a steel mill and tube factory in the Rhineland, made the first extensive survey of Er Rif. They spent several months in the country and made more than 1,100 soundings of the geological strata. They had, of course, all the facilities the Spaniards could grant them; but these recommendations were of little avail, for one of the brothers was kidnapped and submitted to a beastly form of humiliation by the Berbers, whilst the other had to pay a high ransom

ABD-EL-KRIM, *leader of the revolt in Spanish Morocco, who surrendered in 1926 and was banished to Madagascar*

to secure his release. They returned, however, overwhelmed at what they had found, and forthwith submitted a secret memorandum to the then German Colonial Minister, Dr. Solf. And from this moment in 1906, the curtain goes up over Er Rif. But there was no audience to notice it. Er Rif seemed to slumber on, under a burning sun by day, and through icy cold nights. The world was not aware of any change. But scene-shifters, stage-hands, technicians and, last but not least, the producers, started to work vigorously.

What did the Mannesmann memorandum contain? It stated, briefly, that Er Rif held a real treasure for whomever cared to lift it, and gave data like this: in the area settled by the tribe of the Beni Tusin exists an open deposit of iron ore, estimated as containing about 160 million cubic metres. The quality of the ore is approximately the same as that of the Swedish ores. In the western part of the country is copper ore between 8 per cent and 10 per cent pure, very near the surface, in the form of huge lenses. The antimony mines near Melilla, which were already worked before Roman times, are by no means the only deposits in Er Rif. Others, bigger and richer, could be established at several points. There is silver, manganese, gold, apparently coal and even oil.

The whole country consists of broken strata, the folds of which are filled with mineable ores. Water could be obtained easily by means of artesian wells, not to speak of several streams partly running underneath the surface during the summer. The problem of transportation could be solved without much difficulty and at moderate expense. All the deposits are in the hills, so the building of wire-rope railways would be easy, and the power necessary to drive them not too great, as the heavily filled wagons would always run downwards to the coast. The little bay of Alhucemas could be made into an excellent port by building breakwaters.

The memorandum was not unduly enthusiastic; it was dry, to the point, systematic and very orderly. It was accompanied by samples which proved the data given.

German Infiltration

The German Government never disclosed the Mannesmann discoveries. It was all too clear from the very beginning that the whole affair had to be left to 'private enterprise'. Er Rif was a Spanish possession, true; but it bordered on French Algiers, and the French are a wide-awake people. To lift this treasure would mean stepping gingerly to avoid international complications, being tactful and delicate.

The Mannesmanns went to work. Their first step was to get the necessary concessions for mining, in which they succeeded. At the same time they interested a small group of powerful Rhenish industrialists in the matter. First of all they needed more soundings and the labour question had to be settled. From 1907 until the First World War in 1914, small groups of 'tourists' entered Er Rif. They had talks with little Käids and headmen of tribes; they were

very much interested in antiquities; they selected 'beauty' spots. They marked future roads and highways; technicians of the world-known wire-rope railway firm, Bleichert, took their holidays in North Morocco.

The cleverness of the thing was that it was done slowly, so slowly indeed that the few Spanish officials who at least knew about the concessions lost all interest and simply forgot the matter.

Revolt in Morocco

By 1914, the preparations were nearly finished—and then war broke out. The Spaniards stayed neutral, but all the German concessions were, if not lost, at least practically worthless. By certain agreements, probably concluded via Switzerland, the French now stepped in. The Bank of Paris and the *Crédit Lyonnais* were interested, and negotiated concessions covering more or less the same spots. The war prevented them from doing much, and for the time being they were content 'to hold the fort.'

Germany was defeated, but not her industrialists, and the Mannesmann group had not forgotten. It was foreseen that in the near future the demand for iron and steel would grow rapidly. Their position, of course, had deteriorated; but they could still offer their technical skill and their gift for organisation. They approached the French group and were coldly received, though not definitely refused. The French at that time were not fully 'in the picture', for they did not possess the detailed information which the Germans had collected through nearly ten years. They had secured all the vital points, but had not started any mining. They had built some small mills and factories, and that was practically all.

The Spaniards meanwhile had had some trouble at home. General Primo de Riveira had taken over the leadership of the State and was virtually dictator. All seemed to be going smoothly, when suddenly there was an uprising in Morocco —in Er Rif. Abd-el-Krim, a well-educated

GENERAL JOSE SANJURJO, *who ruthlessly suppressed Abd-el-Krim's revolt. One of his officers was Franco*

Kabyle from one of the ruling families, was behind the revolt. Primo de Riveira started his punitive expedition which became a war. It had seemed that the Spanish Foreign Legion plus some territorial regiments would be quite sufficient to quell any rioting tribes of half-savages. But unfortunately Abd-el-Krim, to all appearances, had a kind of Foreign Legion too. Besides that, he had modern, efficient arms, well-trained lieutenants and group leaders, and even his own currency printed abroad. The war was bitter and costly to the Spaniards. All the while the French, to the east of the river Muluya, stood by, but they were never seriously molested, for it was clearly the desire of Abd-el-Krim to fight the Spaniards without getting entangled elsewhere.

Primo de Riveira was followed in Er Rif by General Sanjurjo, whose methods equalled those of the Berbers, and after the French Government, early in 1926, had made an agreement with the Spaniards to consider the war in Er Rif as a revolt

endangering their own security, Abd-el-Krim gave in and was banished for life to Madagascar. The war in Er Rif had come to an end.

But had it? One of Sanjurjo's officers was a captain named Franco, a man who knew the country, the Foreign Legion—and some of the background.

The fighting had paralysed all peaceful work in Er Rif. Or shall we say: the 'peaceful' background had made its pressure felt to end the fighting successfully? The Germans were out and, as it seemed, out for good. The French remained, but still could not do much. Behind the scenes, however, the original play was rehearsed again, this time including Spanish actors.

Already in 1930, when I tried to see the Mannesmann secret memorandum again in the Preussische Geologische Landesanstalt at Berlin, it had been mislaid and could not be found.

Franco Takes the Stage

It was unfortunate that the Spanish Republic, which came into being in 1931, had to concentrate on internal matters rather than on colonial problems for, amongst other things, its pre-occupation prevented the government from looking into the affairs of the Tercero, the Spanish Foreign Legion, and its 'inspired' leader, Franco.

Franco is no business man; on the contrary, he needed advice and sought it from several sides, and it is now ancient history that, without that advice, he could never have started his bloody adventure. Amongst the Spaniards who counted on his success, and favoured it with all means, was one of the cleverest business men of that country, the Catalonian, Juan March. And amongst his foreign friends were some German industrialists—Rhenish industrialists who could supply many things General Franco needed for his 'private enterprise', including most valuable information on the industrial development of Spain and the exploitation of her mineral resources.

Franco struck in 1936, and for three years Spain was drenched in blood. Mussolini sent his men, Hitler his weapons, organisers and technicians. It was no accident that many of these experts were either stationed in Morocco or had their rest-camps and holidays resorts there; neither was it surprising that Franco's attitude towards France was hostile—until the Vichy régime.

The outcome of the last war again changed the situation completely as far as the Germans were concerned. France today is still in a difficult position, and it is not very likely that she will be able, in the near future, to engage herself in the matter of her Er Rif concessions.

But much as the defeat of his friends may have shocked Franco, he was given more than respite from the democracies—at least until now. It has never been denied, not even by himself, that there are still a good many of his German political friends in Spain. Some of these men are now being deported or forcibly repatriated to Germany. But none of the democratic powers has, apparently, anything like a list of the German mining engineers and experts who went to Spain and stayed there from 1933 onwards. They will, of course, all have been naturalised in the meantime.

Nobody knows what is happening in Er Rif today. The curtain has descended again; but the play goes on in the arid hills. In considering the more obvious sources of international trouble, we are apt to overlook those less evident. And that is exactly what we are doing with the south-west corner of Europe and that significant spot, Er Rif.

Numbers of American citizens are known to have visited Spanish Morocco since the beginning of 1946, and there are mysterious rumours of an impending Spanish-American deal. The U.S. State Department and the Spanish Foreign Ministry both deny the rumours, while the Foreign Office cautiously state that they have 'no confirmation' of them. It would appear beyond much doubt that certain American private interests, at any rate, know enough of the position to be interested.

UNESCO

CAN WE ORGANISE COMMON SENSE?

War begins in the minds of men. Can UNESCO succeed in overcoming the obstacles blocking its potential influence for international understanding and co-operation?

H. C. TAUSSIG

WHENEVER the world repents its martial follies, it turns to culture. But culture, being the main casualty in every war, has never been given an opportunity to gather sufficient strength to prevent wars; on the contrary, its latent powers have been misused to glorify destruction and annihilation. After the first World War, the League of Nations inspired the creation of an International Institute of Intellectual Co-operation in Paris, and though it eventually failed, like the League itself, to rally international common sense against totalitarianism which again plunged the world into war, it was nevertheless a concrete sign that the twentieth century was beginning to realise the existence of a new international power—the power of the mind.

The burst of the atomic bomb has greatly accentuated the recognition of the need for universal action on behalf of common sense—the need to control the aberrations of the human mind, to rationalise its potentials, to turn it, from its triumphs of poisoned malignity, into a blessing for mankind. For all over the world human beings and feelings are basically very similar, yet their economic and intellectual conditions are vastly different. Ignorance, disease and poverty are the permanent conditions under which more than half the peoples on this globe are living and dying, and these three apocalyptic horsemen must be attacked and beaten if peace is to be maintained. As long as they exist, there will be wars, whether eloquent speeches adorn international meetings or not.

It falls to UNESCO to combat one of these evils, namely ignorance. UNESCO, short for the somewhat clumsy title, United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation, is or promises to be one of the very few assets arising from the last war. UNESCO is based upon the recognition that 'since war begins in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men that the defences of peace must be constructed. *Ignorance* of each other's ways and lives has been a common cause, throughout the history of mankind, of that suspicion and mistrust between the peoples of the world through which their differences have all too often broken into war.' These logical principles are embodied in the preamble to UNESCO's constitution, which goes on to say that a peace based upon the political and economic arrangements of governments alone would not be able to secure the fullest support of the peoples of the world, and that peace must be founded upon the intellectual and moral solidarity of mankind. All governments signing the UNESCO charter believe 'in the full and equal opportunities for education for all, in the unrestricted pursuit of objective truth, and in the free exchange of ideas and knowledge', and pledge themselves to increase and foster intercommunication between their respective peoples.

The practical steps for the fulfilment of

these aims are of a similar idealistic calibre and are indicated in the constitution as 'promoting collaboration among the nations through education, science and culture in order to further universal respect for justice, for the rule of law and for human rights and fundamental freedoms which are affirmed for the peoples of the world, without distinction of race, sex, language or religion, by the Charter of the United Nations.'

UNESCO works in close relationship with the United Nations as one of the specialised agencies referred to in Article 57 of the Charter. Apart from articles concerning co-ordination of budgets, policies and general liaison, the agreement provides for reciprocal representation, securing UNESCO an advisory seat without a vote in Economic and Social Council meetings and a representative of United Nations at UNESCO meetings in the same capacity.

Obstacles to Success

Regarding functions, UNESCO is to spread mutual understanding of peoples through all means of mass communication, and to collaborate with members 'at their request' in the development of all educational activities, though it is specially stipulated that the Organisation is prohibited from intervening in matters essentially within the domestic jurisdiction of the member-states. The constitution also provides for the conservation and protection of the world's inheritance of books, works of art and historical monuments, and lists, as one of the Organisation's principal aims, to encourage co-operation among the nations in all branches of intellectual activity, including the international exchange of teachers, scientists and artists as well as of printed material.

In fact, UNESCO depends entirely on the collaboration it receives within the various member-countries, as it does not represent a monopoly of intellectual activity. Its purpose is to inspire, initiate and co-ordinate educational, scientific and cultural action which has to be carried out by the National Commissions or National Co-operating Bodies in all member-states. These National Commissions are also responsible for making their countries 'UNESCO conscious', and for the briefing of their national delegations to the various conferences of the Organisation.

The structure of UNESCO consists of three essential organs: the General Conference which consists of not more than five delegates from each member-state and which determines the policy of the Organisation; the Executive Board consisting of eighteen members, one third of whom are to be replaced each year; and of the Secretariat under the Director-General who is to serve for a period of six years. The Secretariat is divided into six divisions, dealing with Education, Creative Arts, Sciences, Libraries and Museums, Social Sciences and Philosophy, Mass Media and Information.

If the mills of God grind slowly, then UNESCO is of a truly holy character. The first General Conference of the Organisation ended in December 1946 after one month of work. It was preceded by a series of conferences in London, San Francisco and Paris between 1942 and 1946, and much expensive and premature journeyings of delegates.

This, of course, is not entirely the fault of UNESCO. It is the lamentable fact that the new Organisation, which, as we have seen, has recognised that 'arrangements of governments' are not enough, is entirely dependent on the good will of these very governments either at the conference table or in carrying out UNESCO's programme in their respective countries. Up to now this support has not been too heartening. Even Great Britain, whose late Ellen Wilkinson took a leading and inspiring part in the creation of the Organisation, has up to the time of writing failed to establish an apparatus by which UNESCO's programme can be put into action in this country.

There are more obstacles in the way of UNESCO's success. Its work, based on the 'fundamental freedoms . . . without distinction of race, sex, language or religion',

is bound to suffer as long as some of the member-states cannot possibly adhere to these principles. Thus the U.S. attitude towards her negroes, the South African Union's treatment of her natives, and the Polish and Czechoslovak expulsions of Germans and Hungarians compare unfavourably with their solemn UNESCO pledges.

The biggest difficulty facing UNESCO, however, is the insistence of the Soviet Union to ignore it. At the General Conference, to which the U.S.S.R. even refrained to send an observer, the Yugoslav delegate declared that Soviet membership would depend on UNESCO's programme, its achievements and its Secretariat. One would have thought that it would have been easier for the U.S.S.R. to participate in the shaping of these factors and to influence the policy of the new Organisation. Yet it is clear that UNESCO's constitution contains points which are unacceptable to the Russians. It asks member-states to surrender part of their sovereignty, to open their countries not only to new ideas but also to a mixed crowd of international civil servants not all of whom are truly internationally minded, but who, only too often, owe their positions to the recommendations of their governments. Also, it is difficult to see how the Soviet Union can subscribe to a constitution which provides for the free exchange of scientific ideas, as long as the secret of the atomic bomb contradicts this idea. In addition, Russia has carried out the world's greatest and most successful experiment in combating illiteracy in her own realm. The fact remains, however, that the Soviet Union's absence robs the Organisation of its truly international character, and that it may hamper the enthusiastic collaboration of some of her eastern European satellites who are badly in need of UNESCO's help.

The Field of Action

Finally, UNESCO's activities up to now were somewhat arrested by the uncertainty with regard to its budget. Though only six million dollars were allowed to it by

DR. JULIAN HUXLEY, *eminent biologist and author, was elected Director-General of UNESCO in December 1946, for a period of two years*

the General Conference instead of the seven-and-a-half million envisaged for 1947, at least the Organisation is now able to go ahead with its work within these limits.

Of the forty-seven states which were represented at the first session of the General Conference, only thirty, which had already accepted the constitution, had the right to vote. Some states, like Iceland, Sweden and Switzerland, had sent observers, and so had Viet Nam and the Spanish Republican Government. The United Nations, the Food and Agricultural Organisation, the ILO and the World Health Organisation were also represented, together with a large number of official and private bodies. During the conference, Austria, Italy and Switzerland applied for admission to membership, and their requests were forwarded to the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations. Byelorussia and the Ukraine were the most conspicuous absentees apart from the Soviet Union. Dr. Julian Huxley, who was elected Director-General, will hold office for two years only at his own request, instead of the six years provided for in the constitution. The main result of the General Conference was the

final shaping of the Organisation's programme which had been prepared by the Preparatory Commission. Its ambitious scope gives an idea of the tremendous importance UNESCO will assume in our lives—if it can be put into action.

In the field of education, the Secretariat is to wage a campaign against illiteracy. We, to whom books and newspapers are now an essential part of our lives, often forget that more than half of the world's 2,000 million inhabitants can neither read nor write. During 1947, UNESCO will collect textbooks in history, geography and civics, and will—without insinuation of censorship—examine them as to their effect on international understanding.

Natural science will be furthered by grants towards scientific expeditions and to laboratories, and by the establishment of an International Scientific Apparatus Information Bureau. Field teams for the study of the conditions in India, the Hylean Amazon and China, where the populations suffer from malnutrition, will be sent off.

The Mass Communication division is to prepare a report on the obstacles to the free flow of information and ideas, to study the question of a Universal Copyright idea and to examine the proposals made for a world-wide radio network.

With the help of Gallup Polls, the Social Science division will study the principal causes of international tension, particularly the interrelation of nationalism and internationalism, population problems and the effects of mechanisation on civilisation. UNESCO will call a conference of thinkers of all countries to clarify the principles on which a modern Declaration of the Rights of Man might be based, and will prepare an inquiry into the relations between the various civilisations.

The world-wide circulation of works of art will be encouraged, and an International Library Pool will supply newspapers and magazines. Artists will be assisted materially, and a Theatre Exchange Bureau will be created. Further, UNESCO will help in the rehabilitation of the libraries and museums in war-damaged countries, will create a clearing house for the exchange of books, and will help to repair war losses of books through microphotographic reproduction processes. The Organisation will encourage the free circulation of library and museum material by the elimination of such obstacles as customs and tariff charges.

In order to co-ordinate the work of reconstruction in the fields of education, science and culture, UNESCO plans to collect from private contributions the sum of 100 million dollars. The damage caused to educational institutions by the war is gigantic. China estimates her loss as amounting to 700 million dollars, and UNESCO estimates that in Europe alone, seventy million notebooks, 150 million pencils and 21,000 tons of printing paper are amongst the items needed to enable the resumption of educational life.

The programme, as outlined here, is but a fraction of what UNESCO has up its sleeve. Until now the Organisation is relatively unknown to the man-in-the-street of the member-countries. A Gallup Poll in one country revealed ignorance about UNESCO of eighty-five per cent of the persons asked. Even the press of the member-countries is badly served, and has to apply to Paris for the scanty information on UNESCO matter which is available.

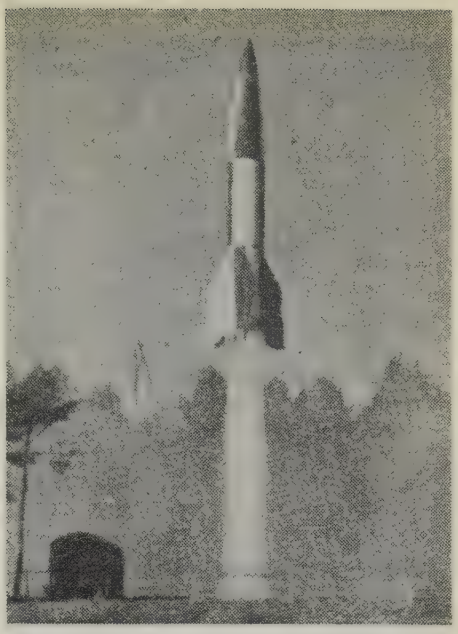
Yet we have to be patient. If only part of UNESCO's programme can be realised, it will be an achievement of which our century can be even prouder than of the discovery of the atom bomb.

Voice from the Past

The closeness of their intercourse (the intercourse of nations) will assuredly render war as absurd and impossible by-and-by, as it would be for Manchester to fight with Birmingham, or Holborn Hill with the Strand.

LEIGH HUNT—*Pref. to Poems*

Recent scientific discovery—healing penicillin



Recent scientific discovery—V2

SCIENCE— GOD OR DEVIL?

The atom bomb is shattering the ordinary man's belief in Science as the modern god. The author, using the technique of Mass-Observation, concludes that only a drastic revision of personal values can solve the dilemma.

TOM HARRISSON

I WAS myself educated as a scientist, and spent the earlier years of my adult life writing in learned journals like *The Proceedings of the Zoological Society*, *Journal of Animal Ecology*, and *Nature*. But I felt more and more that the most urgent problem was the study of people, which I first did among so-called primitive communities, and then at home here in Britain. Mass-Observation, which has now been going on for ten years, was initiated to conduct scientific studies of ourselves. We have found over the past decade of Mass-Observation a growing public awareness of the scientist, and in the last year or so an increasingly rapid shift in public attitudes to the scientist. Science has disillusioned many people about other systems of belief or thought. Now, science itself is becoming the subject of disillusion. People are being thrown more back on themselves, and the process is a somewhat painful one, which many people are finding unsatisfactory and frustrating, since they often do not

possess either the education or the equipment to make the necessary personal adaptations.

People have for long been used to obtaining their sets of values ready-made elsewhere. Now, they are being more and more forced to develop some personal set of values. I feel that this subject is a vitally important one. Professor John Macmurray dealt with it from one point of view in the last issue of *World Review*. I wish to approach it at the level of mass-psychology and popular ideas—right or wrong—of the scientist and the scientific process. It is only by recognising these conceptions and misconceptions that the situation can be corrected, either collectively or personally.

* * * *

Up to 1945, science was generally considered 'wonderful', *the* blessing that distinguished us from our ancestors. The scientific popularisers wrote and spoke always of a new weapon which would serve man as faithfully as (and more efficiently than) his old familiar tools. The First World War had given its warning: the first bombs had fallen from the air and soldiers had died choking from the fumes of poison gas. But that war was already receding from memory. When the Second World War passed into its active stage, the astonishing discovery made by many apprehensive people was how *little* destructive the new weapons were. After months of intensive bombing the country remained whole except for a few localities that had received special attention. The old prophecies of the destruction of civilisation were made to look foolish. Havelock Ellis, who had once written that a couple of bombing planes would destroy London in a night if this country drifted into war again, was 'obviously talking through his hat.' It was widely felt that somehow we, including the men whose research made the new engines of war possible, had retained our grasp of the essential elements of civilisation. Novels like *The Sleeper Awakes* and *Brave New World* took it for granted that the scientific menace, if it existed, lay in society's being enclosed in a too rigid system of control, where men would be allotted fixed, irrevocable tasks and their lives graded according to social function.

The doodle-bugs and the rocket bombs were the first to strike at our faith in the benevolence of science. The frequent criticism that science was 'inhuman', and would eventually make a satisfactory emotional life impossible, seemed to gain fresh support. This was a new warfare—one where missiles were aimed by 'masterminds' who could not see their targets but found them by *cold* calculation. Then came the consummation of scientific warfare, Hiroshima. Many were appalled:

'Another war with this weapon available would be the end of the civilised world, but I haven't sufficient faith in the commonsense of humanity to believe that there won't be another war. I hope that there will be a long period of peace before mankind commits suicide. If an atomic war is started I think it possible that the world will disintegrate.'

Blaming the Scientists?

At its first impact the shock was bound to produce a flood of pessimism. People had not had time to consider the possibility of international control, which presupposed agreement among the major powers. Nothing seemed more remote at the time. The only hope seemed to lie in the power of fear. The bomb, as one person put it, might bring people to their senses:

'Historically it may be the turning-point in human moral history. We can no longer be irresponsible and let things slide. We must take our lives and our fate into our own hands and no longer allow any upstart to lead us without a thorough examination of his credentials.'

It was a bewildered and understandable reaction. Now, after nearly two years of argument and consideration, we feel that the 'examination of credentials' is not necessarily the key to salvation.

But the emphasis on the moral aspect was to increase. Up to then science had

Tom Harrisson, of Mass-Observation, is a rare individual in these days of mass production. *Who's Who* states that his hobbies include 'jumping from aeroplanes (with parachute)'. Son of an Army general, he went from Harrow to Cambridge, and did not bother taking a degree, but shot off with an Oxford expedition to Lapland. He spent a year with cannibal friends in Malekula in 1937, started M.-O. on return. Gained his D.S.O. during the war while commanding an Australian Parachute Unit behind Japanese lines in Central Borneo. Prefers Australian soldiers for their 'indisciplined initiative'. 'I can't live without rice,' he says, so has just left for Borneo again, to do a job for the Sarawak Government.

existed for the majority in a moral vacuum. For many people it had become Science and had displaced God; but it had not taken over all his functions. Science did things; it made it easy for us to travel long distances; it warmed houses; it turned out domestic utensils at great speed and low price; it brought music to the fireside—but it was not concerned with moral problems. Now the lack was beginning to be regretted. Man was lagging behind his own monster; a clerk put it this way:

'My general feeling is that, whilst in some ways, as in the growth of medical knowledge, the findings of science have been turned to good account, on the whole it has been misused, as in the development of poison gases, weapons of war, etc. I suppose that the root of the trouble is that the development of science has far outstripped man's moral and spiritual development—that he resembles a child playing with highly dangerous toys.'

As soon as the problem was seen to exist on a moral plane as well as a technical one, the question of responsibility arose. People were very ready to blame others. In the case of the atom bomb, some of us felt a glow of righteousness because it had been an American operation. *We* were not guilty. In the wider sphere some blamed politicians for misusing the work of others; others blamed the scientists for doing the dirty work. A young housewife felt that scientists must share part of the blame, but she bore them no animosity:

'Instead of the scientists' energy being devoted to war, if only they would find out means of doing the dirty jobs of the world quickly and economically, so that nobody had to bother about doing them, and we could spend our time doing the things we liked.'

There were others, however, who felt very bitterly about the scientist's share of responsibility, such as this citizen:

'The realisation that for years scientists had been coolly working on this project, clearly knowing the effects, became all the more amazing. The futile pleas of these men that they would much have preferred to have used the energy for peaceful means showed a guilty conscience, but not one sufficiently stirred to make them feel impelled to do something drastic in the matter. We have no knowledge of a scientist who had the courage to refuse to undertake the work.'

This turning against a man who could formerly do no wrong was a direct result of the public's immaturity in scientific knowledge and understanding. Science had for too long been a matter of gadgets. The public had had little assistance from any of the big publicity organs in correcting its attitude. Newspaper reports had been

largely 'sensational'. The scientist himself had been a mystery man—not very attractive, certainly, because he had no warmth, but possessing an enormous potentiality for good. The stereotype scientist was first fully popularised in the middle of the last century by Jules Verne, in books like *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*. The stereo has changed extraordinarily little since. (Perhaps the pre-war boys' papers and cartoon strips were ahead of the rest when they also stressed the potentiality for evil.) But the pattern is now rapidly changing. This typical description of a scientist comes from a novel by best-seller Hammond Innes:

'He's a rather short gentleman, on the plump side. His face is pale, and a bit unshaven-looking, and his nose is—well, he looks to me a bit Semitic, as you might say, Mr. Kilmartin. He's wearing a bowler hat and glasses.'

'What else, Hopkins?' I asked.

'An old brown suit and a dark blue overcoat. They're both very dirty.'

'He doesn't sound very attractive.'

'No, he looks a proper old money-bags. I don't think he's English.'

In a recent B.B.C. play a solicitor describes the husband of a girl who is going to be divorced, showing how impossible he is to live with:

Solicitor: 'He is a geologist.'

Hero: 'Oh, that explains it.' (Laughter.)

It is not surprising that this view of the scientist, and of science as a form of magic, should be adopted almost without question by the public at large. This woman (only one of millions) is infected with the 'inhumanity of science' idea:

'Believe me, I could rattle off many improvements made in my lifetime without attributing them to science. I take scientists to be a useful but dry-as-dust crowd.'

One of the scientists (a chemist) comments on this distaste for the scientist in person, yet enthusiasm for some of his work:

'The popular view of the scientist is the comic strip character who lives an unreal life in a laboratory completely out of touch with reality. The strange idea is prevalent that the misuse of the material and power which science has made possible is the responsibility of science (i.e. the world would be better with less science), and I have been informed that there is a tendency in official education to reduce the amount of science taught in schools as a result of this idea.'

All of this tends towards a mystical approach to the scientist, whether he be revered or feared. He is felt to be the possessor of strange powers. This attitude occasionally becomes so advanced that he becomes the object of an almost religious emotion, like a deity seen in humility and awe, thus:

'I marvel at the capacity of those men and women working with selfless and intense concentration, evolving all the miracles they do. I have just read the life of Madame Curie by her daughter. This shows so perfectly the yawning chasm between the mind of the scientist and the mind of the ordinary person. . . . I have the same feeling as I have when I look up into the immensity of the heavens and lose myself gazing at the stars. One is lost and sometimes afraid.'

Only remoteness could produce such an attitude. It was written by a naval officer's wife. People who are in close contact with the mechanics of science are rarely awed, but frequently show a confidence, even an arrogance, which is in large measure reflected from the God itself.

Sinner or Saviour?

Towards the end of 1945 the slogan 'Shoot all scientists' was being chalked on walls in one London borough. It amounts to a civil war in the mind. One lot of people are extolling scientists as the only possible saviours of mankind; another group would crucify them. After decades during which it was possible to live in a world becoming more and more subject to the rule of science, without the ordinary citizen having the faintest idea of what science was—and doing this without any tangible evidence of evil consequences—it has suddenly been brought to people's notice that the *nature* of science, as opposed

to its trappings, must be examined and understood. Here is a married woman with two small children, a job, and various family difficulties, trying to sort out her thoughts and feelings:

'I attribute to science the bombing aeroplane, the invention of new explosives, and the mind-rotting notion that progress is automatic. Also a kind of extremely pontifical Mother-Knows-Best attitude not always borne out by facts. When I stop to think I recollect that it has controlled diphtheria, cholera, T.B., hydrophobia and many other diseases, has succeeded in making spectacles and taking out appendices; has made possible labour-saving houses, fast travel, etc. But this is what I *think*. The other is what I *feel*.'

New Attitude towards Science

There is, moreover, feeling that we have been cheated. The great panacea simply hasn't worked. Result: mystification:

'But why, ye gods, why is science so horribly successful in weapons of destruction? Not surely because no problems remain to be solved on the domestic front. The common cold, for instance, cancer, the extent of silicosis in the South Wales coalfield, the wastage of power and heat in the present utilisation of coal. I am only an ordinary man, but if I can see such a misdirection of scientific research, surely those who have been trained and educated to view these problems with a keener intellect than I can see it. Then how, where and why do they not do it?'

Probably more people than ever before now believe that science has not added to human happiness. The solution of each problem seems to create a new one: the devil we know is better than the one we don't. Even the modern epithet 'soul-less' was bred of science, when it triumphed over religion, the soul's guardian:

'Science seems to me very wonderful—but dead. It makes things dead and mechanical. By dead I mean lacking in spirit. Useful to work on, no doubt, but science should be regarded *always* as the servant of mankind, as something inferior to life itself.'

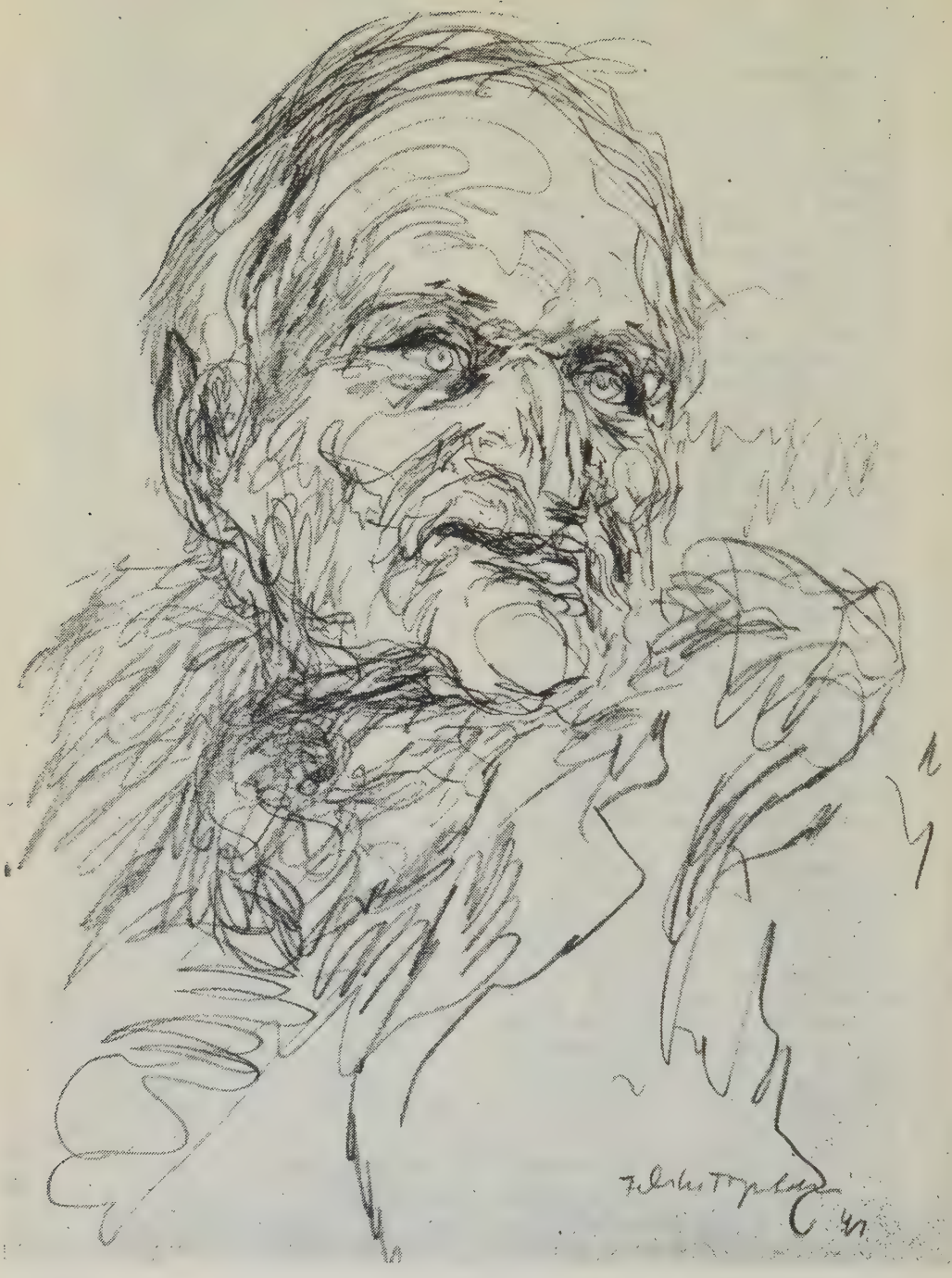
Talk of ultimate scientific destruction is no longer considered alarmist; this in itself is an astonishing mental adjustment over a very short period. Everyone is only too easily aware of the possibility. Most people, asked to think of science, now think of the atom bomb, where in 1937 they thought of television or M. & B. A man approaching middle-age expresses his fears in this way.

'Sooner or later one country's going to use it against another. Maybe in twenty years, maybe in 100. Maybe not for 200 or 1,000 years; but sooner or later it'll be too much of a temptation. As a friend of mine said, you can just blow a corner off the world. . . . Eventually it'll be just like a schoolboy howler—I don't mean a howler, I mean one of those fantastic tales. Just a few people left, scientists perhaps, in caves. It'll reduce the whole of so-called civilisation to living in caves.'

This is the dilemma half formulated in millions of minds. Few will fully face up to all the implications, and the drastic revision of personal values involved. We British in particular work out our problems in a confused and 'crypto' inner fashion of our own. But it cannot be overlooked that around this complex we have an intellectual difficulty of our time at least as great as many of the more obvious issues, such as that between totalitarian and democratic method. The expanding universe of the human mind has, as it were, broken its own bounds, and is tending to collapse back on itself, with temporarily (one hopes only temporarily) chaotic consequences.

Oh! star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there,
To waft us home the message of despair?

CAMPBELL—*Pleasures of Hope*, Part 2.



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PROFILE

Professor G. M. Trevelyan, O.M.

By J. R. ST. JOHN. DRAWING BY FELIX TOPOLSKI

Exclusive to *WORLD REVIEW*

For as long as he can remember, Professor G. M. Trevelyan wanted to write history, and his life consists of the calm and brilliant achievement of his ambition. History is truly in his blood, for not only is he the son of an eminent historian, but also the great-nephew of Lord Macaulay himself. He has done more than anyone to make history readable by a wide public and his recent *English Social History* has, in spite of the paper shortage, already sold a quarter of a million copies and is still selling.

Objectivity has always been his aim and he considers attempts to write history for party ends, or in order to illuminate any particular theory, detestable. But from the mass of his work has come a picture of English ways and methods of government which he believes has very definite lessons for the rest of the world. With their rich selection of detail, his accounts of the intimate lives of our forefathers (and foremothers) and of the slow development of the English character with its strange mixture of heartiness and shyness, passion and ingenuity, light up a magnificent perspective against which to study contemporary problems.

After ten years at Cambridge, as undergraduate and Fellow, he devoted the next twenty-five to little else but his main work —unlike many historians, doing all his own research. This was only interrupted by his service during the first world war as Commandant of an Ambulance Unit in Italy, a country which, on holidays tramping across the Apennines and in the tradition of so many intellectual Englishmen, he had learned to love almost as his own. On a return visit this spring he found that the Italian people's vigour and happiness, which had so attracted him as a young man and which originally inspired his famous series of books on Garibaldi, had been fully regained.

After thirteen years as Regius Professor of History, he is now Master of Trinity, and with his wife lives in a beautiful set of rooms overlooking the grass in the Great Court of the College. Like the custodian of past splendours which he is, he will lovingly show you round, pointing out panelling put up by one Master or a wardrobe bought by another. At seventy, white-haired but still with the keen eyes of a hawk, intending to write little more, he looks back on a life during which many of the things and values he considers worthwhile have disappeared. Nevertheless he finds that people today, in the face of the uglier conditions which industrialisation has so far meant, have a more conscious sense of beauty than when he was a young man.

Outside the University he has done much to preserve the England he writes about in his work as Chairman of the Estates Committee of the National Trust, to which he has presented two of his own farms in the Lake District. He has never taken an active part in politics and, although once a Liberal, he now hesitates to express any political convictions. But his indirect political influence on contemporary statesmen is probably deeper than might at first sight be expected and, above all, he has helped to make them aware that the statistics of commerce are not the only worthwhile standards of value.

Frank Harris

Frank Harris, a contemporary of Shaw and Wilde, was a character of fascinating complexity. Knave, liar and rogue, yet a brilliant conversationalist and the best of companions, he was a modern Falstaff, born, as the author says, 'to make a big splash and half-drown himself in it!'

LOUIS MARLOW

WILL Frank Harris be remembered? No one who knew him can forget him, and his survival as a figure of his period will depend, I think, much more surely upon published accounts of him than upon his own writings. For he was more important as a personality than as a writer. Wilde's remark, 'I have put my genius into my life, only my talent into my work', could have been made with much greater truth by Frank Harris.

Possibly Shakespearean scholars will continue to take some note of his writings on Shakespeare, which Max Beerbohm declared that he valued more highly than those of all the professors put together, because of their originality and unprofessorial character, no doubt. In his short stories Harris shows a storyteller's gift; he has vigour, grip, and sense of technique, but no sense of character as opposed to sense of action. Occasionally he 'brought it off', as by a lucky fluke, and it would be unfair not to remember that George Meredith said of *Montes the Matador:* 'If there is a hand in England that can do better, I do not know of it.' But, in general, Harris lacks any literary distinction, is headlong and careless, with the faults of a slipshod journalism. His *My Life and Loves*, though often very readable when he is talking about the men and women of his time and not about his love-affairs (which he makes monotonous and unreal) is, from any critical literary standpoint, almost worthless. He was not, and by his nature never could have been, a good writer. To express himself he needed the stimulus of company, wine and food. All his writing was done, not disinterestedly, but with an eye to the main chance and in the competitive spirit. He could never succeed financially for long because he always blundered through not understanding normal human characteristics; and he could not make a real success as a writer for the same reason. His *Contemporary Portraits* and his biographies fail, as his fiction fails, because he cannot see people as they really are.

A contemporary of Wilde and Shaw—he was born a year after Wilde and a year before Shaw—he wrote about both of them and was in a sense a friend of both of them. When editor of *The Saturday Review* he gave Shaw his first good chance by giving him work on that paper, and Shaw never forgot it. Nor, we may imagine, did Wilde forget Harris's shabby treatment of him over the play in which they collaborated—*Mr. and Mrs. Daventry*. Of Shaw's fame Harris was always extremely jealous, especially as he thought himself a greater writer than Shaw. He believed that his own play, *Joan la Romée*, was much superior to Shaw's *Saint Joan*. 'Whereas even the police official who came to visit me because Harris had sent me his banned *Life and Loves* through the mails could see that *Joan la Romée* was "just rather a nice little piece for school-kiddies, no harm in it but nothing much in it at all".'

What a fellow he was, though, for all that—with his short, thickset body, his large head with its phenomenally large nose and ears, his thick, black hair and moustache (if they were dyed they were very cleverly dyed), his full, gross lips and his booming voice which Thomas Hardy described as 'the gruffest voice I ever heard.' I should not have called it 'gruff'; it was not unmusical; it had an attractive timbre, a rich, voluptuous resonance, a not unpleasing though rather comical mimicry of aristocratic intonation; it was, indeed, a potent, memorable voice, and it enhanced the brilliant impressiveness of his talk, giving it what was almost a hypnotic effect. The general and special effects of his spoken word never appeared in his writings—which was one very good reason why he did not write nearly as well as he talked. He was the best talker I have known. Whatever his subject, he talked superbly, with natural humour, often extremely bawdy, as well as with natural eloquence. There were no 'thin places'; he was never slack or tedious. His luncheon parties in New York and Nice lasted from about two to six with never a dull moment. What he said was always as characteristic as the way he said it.

His insight was often remarkable. In January, 1918, he gave me an almost exact forecast of the remaining future events of the war—the German 'push' in the spring, its temporary success followed by the success of Allied arms, 'armistice in the autumn and peace before Christmas'. Here was the same power of startlingly exact prediction of which Shaw has given an example in one of his Prefaces, relating how Harris told Wilde exactly what would happen to him if he sued Lord Queensberry for libel.

A Likeable Rogue!

Harris could, by a kind of magic, tell the truth; but he was as a general rule a terrific liar. He was perhaps the most unscrupulous and richly inventive liar of his century. Nothing that he said or wrote about himself or about anyone else can

FRANK HARRIS, *buccaneer, biographer of Bernard Shaw, and author of* My Life and Loves. *He died in 1931 at the age of 76*

be believed unless it is corroborated. Of his origins and early life—and of his later life, too—he gave widely varying accounts. It is fairly safe to say that he was part-Irish and part-Welsh. Born in Ireland, of humble origin, the son of a seafaring man, he went to America in his youth to seek his fortune, roughed it there, and later on was a financial and journalistic adventurer in England and America, finally retiring to Nice. These are the broad outlines of a life which is full of doubtful detail. I wish I could be sure that it was true: that retort he told me he made when, during proceedings taken against him for libel, he was warned that he was dangerously near contempt of court. 'No words of mine,' he instantly boomed back, 'can express even one hundredth part of the contempt in which I hold this court!' But did that happen?

Frank Harris could no more be trusted with money than he could be with the truth. He never swindled me nor attempted to—indeed, he paid me generously for such contributions as I made to the magazine, *Pearson's*, which he was editing in New York, and he frequently entertained me with lavish hospitality—but he swindled as often as he could those whom he regarded as suitable subjects. He was ruthlessly unscrupulous and largely lived by being so. He was a thorough-paced blackguard and the best of good companions, flagrantly dishonest, shamelessly dishonourable, but, like Falstaff, a veritable strong water of life, rousing and reviving everyone who tasted him. I remember him as I remember certain rare old brandies. He had the same kind of richness and power. He was blood-brother to Falstaff in his roguery, his knavish tricks, his thieving, his lying, his love of drink, his lechery—and in his conquering vigour, his eloquence and power of invective, his swiftness and ease and shrewdness of stroke, his generosity, the fascination of his whole state of being. 'I could have better spared a better man.'

The Arch-Egoist

He was sixty-three when I first met him and I continued, with unflagging, grateful delight, to know him until his death in 1931 when he was seventy-six. Except during the last of those thirteen years he showed little sign of declining physical or mental power. 'I shall outlive Shaw!' he would say. 'Of curse (as he pronounced "course") I shall outlive Shaw!' If will to live could have done it, he certainly would have lived till well past ninety. He was a life-lover if ever there were one.

It was not long before his death that he drew my attention to one sign of his old age. That was a pathetic occasion. Indeed it was the only occasion when I saw him in a pathetic light. We were walking along the Promenade des Anglais at Nice; for some minutes he had been unwontedly silent and absent, and then he told me that he was now completely impotent. With surprising suddenness he had, only the other day, found himself in this condition, to his consternation and horror. 'It's got the *mind*, too,' he said sadly. 'You see those girls—going bathing. They mean nothing to me—absolutely nothing.' I said a sympathetic word or two and turned to give him a sympathetic look. His eyes were filled with tears. I remembered that at our first meeting he had boasted to me that, at sixty-three, he was as good a lover as ever. That may have been one of his lies, or half-lies; but there is no doubt that, on this later occasion at Nice, he was telling the tragic truth.

Yes, Frank Harris will certainly be remembered by those who knew him. Full measure—profuse, wasteful, inordinate—of the spirit of life, good and bad, had been poured into him. An arch-egoist with a powerful undisciplined brain, both coarse and fine, with no moral sense of any kind, he was born to make a big splash and to half-drown himself in it. He was a man of violent projections, brutal, gross, sentimental, outrageous in a score of ways, a buccaneering, bully-boy interloper into the literary world, a pirate hoisting up his own rebellious, defiant flag, his hand against every man's and every man's hand against him; but, as a person, as a talker, he was surely a man of genius, unforgettable and unique. He was the most remarkable literary blackguard of almost any century.

A little sincerity is a dangerous thing, and a great deal of it is absolutely fatal.

Oscar Wilde in *Intentions*

There is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about.

Oscar Wilde in *Picture of Dorian Gray*

Operation *Britannia*

JAMES LEE

Is there no solution to our problems except economic vassalage to America? Theory is easier than practice; yet *World Review* gives space to a forthright article offering a constructive alternative

THE really alarming aspect of our present economic flounderings, our recurring crises, our austerities and our borrowings, is that they are inevitable and, without some major reorientation of our national and economic thought, will remain inevitable. The simple fact is that, having expended in two world wars the greater part of our inherited capital, we are now forced to live on earned income and this, of course, is the reason for the export drive and continuing austerity. Unfortunately, the conditions in which this country built up her wealth have changed. Not only has the lead given us by the Industrial Revolution been wiped out, but requirements have changed; it is no longer quality goods for a limited market that are required but mass-produced goods for an unlimited market. This requirement Britain is singularly unfitted to fulfil; she has not the space or the population to compete with America or Russia, and her dependence on imports of food and raw materials places her at a grave disadvantage where prices are concerned.

Consequent upon Britain's growing economic decline is her political decline. The Americans are right when they comment upon the break-up of the British Empire and speculate on inheriting the remains: the withdrawals from Egypt, India, Burma, the Eastern Mediterranean, and the Far East may be conveniently in accordance with Socialist ideology, but are really dictated by sheer economic necessity. We have neither the men nor the money to maintain the status of a world power in the old sense. Now many of us have no Imperial hankerings—all we want is security and a high standard of living, and this Utopia, we think, may be found in Britain provided everything is shared equally among us. There can be no greater illusion. This country can never now afford a high standard of living for forty-five million people, nor is redistribution of wealth any substitute for the creation of wealth: as to security, there can be no security without strength, and in an atomic age strength is not found in crowding forty-five million people into a small island off the coast of the Continent from which most wars have so far sprung.

From this somewhat gloomy recital let us turn to the alternative—a reorientation of national and economic thought. The first thing to get clear is: which is the more important—the future of the British race, or the future of the British Isles? The second is to realise the truth of the truism that the air has annihilated distance. If we decide that the rock upon which we must build our future is not this island, but the seventy million British people in this island and the Dominions and Colonies, and if we can bring it home to ourselves that these people are in terms of time no farther apart than were the people of Yorkshire and Cornwall not so long ago, then we are, I think, at the beginning of a brighter day, for it is in the broad acres that our forefathers marked red on the map that our future, if not Utopia, lies.

The American ex-Colonies, 170 years ago, found themselves in a position very similar to that in which we find ourselves now. Scattered, under-populated, lacking in cohesion, there seemed little chance of their independent survival—far less of their emergence as the colossus of the west

This map illustrates the author's thesis of the possibility of closer economic co-operation within the Empire and Western Europe

EUROPE

ASIA

AFRICA

CAIRO

CALCUTTA

LAGOS

INDIAN OCEAN

JOHANNESBURG

DURBAN

CAPE TOWN

TOWNSVILLE

SYDNEY

BRITISH AIR ROUTES CONNECTING BRITAIN WITH DOMINIONS AND COLONIES WITH FLYING BOATS FROM G.B.

NICOL

This diagram shows population per square mile in G.B., the Commonwealth and Colonial Empire. (Figures 1938–39)

	GREAT BRITAIN	COLONIES etc.	SOUTH AFRICA	NEW ZEALAND	CANADA	AUSTRALIA
	539	37	20·4	16·5	3·3	2·25

CANADA

G.B.

29

VANCOUVER

13½

U.S.A.

NEW YORK

AZORES

GIBRALTAR

BERMUDA

HONOLULU

DAKAR

TRINIDAD

CAPETOWN

36

NATAL

SOUTH

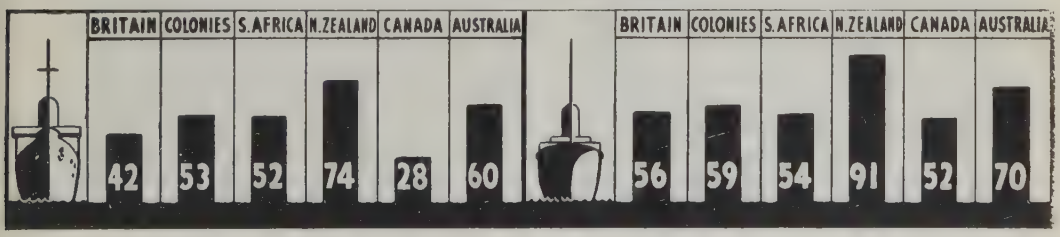
AMERICA

AUCKLAND

BRITISH EMPIRE INCLUDING DOMINIONS, COLONIES, MANDATES AND PROTECTORATES

FRANCE, BELGIUM, HOLLAND, LUXEMBURG, NORWAY, SWEDEN, DENMARK, PORTUGAL AND THEIR COLONIES

Left-hand diagram denotes IMPORTS, Right-hand diagram EXPORTS. Figures show percentage of total that is within the Empire. (Figures 1938–39)



which now so overshadows the Empire from which it sprang. This development was due to no chance nor to any special quality in the polyglot American people; it was due to a vast area, rich in natural resources, being developed as an economic whole by a population sufficiently numerous to render full development possible.

Let us take a leaf out of the American book, and instead of leaning on the Americans, develop our own vast resources: the African ground nuts scheme points the way. Let us remove the reproach of the crowded slums of England and the empty lands of the Empire, the paradox of 700 people living to the square mile in England, 3,000 miles from the nearest source of food supply, while 2½ people live to the square mile in the undeveloped continent of Australia. We shall not do this by indiscriminate emigration; it will be no good robbing Peter to pay Paul by sending the best of our people from the United Kingdom to the Dominions; Peter and Paul must become one and the same person. In other words, the British Commonwealth and Empire must be developed as a single economic unit with a freely transferable population, a common currency, and a common development plan designed to obtain the best economic results irrespective of national boundaries.

Preserving Political Independence

In designing our new pattern for living, we must establish two cardinal principles. First, we must aim for an economic as opposed to a political federation; secondly, there must be no question of such a federation being directed from Whitehall.

The British Dominions and Colonies, comprising a quarter of the earth's surface, have every natural resource, so far largely undeveloped, and seventy millions of the finest stock in the world, two-thirds of which is concentrated in this island. Let us convene an Economic Council and charge it with the planning and execution of the full economic development of the Commonwealth and Empire. On such a Council we will have one representative from the U.K. and one representative from each Dominion. Colonies or groups of Colonies will be represented by a member mutually agreeable to the U.K. and the Dominions. We shall thus establish the principle that, since populations are to be regarded as freely transferable, the U.K., with forty-five millions, and New Zealand, with 1¾ millions, shall have an equal representation, and the further principle that the Dominions should share with the U.K. responsibility for the economic development of the Colonies.

In order to preserve the political integrity of the countries participating in the Federation, we will lay it down that all recommendations of the Economic Council shall be subject to ratification by the Parliaments of the countries concerned: this will in some cases lead to the adoption of second- or third-best economic courses, but in general it is thought that the recommendations of the Council will be found to coincide with the national interest.

The key to the success of economic federation will be Communications. We are trying to achieve with the air and the radio what the Americans achieved with the railway and the electric telegraph. Our maximum distances are only four times their maximum distances, and there is no reason why we should not succeed, providing we realise that for successful administration and for the free transfer of population we must use the air and the radio on the same scale as we used them in wartime. It is vital that a family-move from England to Australia should be undertaken with no more fuss than a move from Kent to Gloucestershire.

There is one point upon which we must be very firm—the job must be ready for the man. We will make our plan; we will build our factories; we will lay out our towns on that principle: the picture of the homeless, jobless immigrant must be banished for ever and replaced by the vision of no man being without a roof over his head,

a job under his hand, or more than forty-eight hours from home.

There, then, is the outline of a plan for a British Commonwealth Economic Federation which we will call Britannia, a logical evolution of the British Empire. The plan is a fifty-year plan, but it is one that gives us hope for the future, a worthwhile object for the present, and a promise of fulfilment of our past.

Western Europe. Russia. America

We have suggested that by economic integration it will be possible for the U.K. and the Dominions to attain prosperity and strength, to avoid economic vassalage to America, and to pull their full weight in the struggle against tyranny.

Let us now consider the relation of the Economic Federation to the rest of the world. One does not have to be a jingo to be troubled by our withdrawal from Egypt and India, and our impending withdrawal elsewhere; surely there would be much to be said for replacing the Imperial shackle by the economic link and inviting the adherence of such countries to the Economic Federation on an equal footing with ourselves and the Dominions, a more solid and profitable proposition for all parties than the somewhat shadowy offer of Dominion status. Perhaps Britannia will provide the essential and only link between Hindustan, Pakistan, and Sikhistan.

As regards Western Europe, there has been much talk of a political alliance, but this is straining after the unattainable while missing what might well be attained—an economic alliance. To bring about a full development of the British Commonwealth, redistribution of population will not be enough and a considerable increase of population, which must be drawn from Europe, will be required. Let us ask our friends there, at the sacrifice of their national currencies, to join with us in the building-up of a great Commonwealth of free peoples imbued with the cultural traditions of Europe, but removed from its stricken, fear-ridden atmosphere.

We have clearly said that we wish to avoid economic vassalage to America; our object being to do our own developing instead of meekly allowing the Americans to do it for us. We must recognise that the 'strings' attached to the American loan may prove a serious obstacle to our economic reorganisation; just how serious it is hard to ascertain. But that they should be allowed to prevent such a reorganisation is unthinkable; it would be an invasion of sovereign rights comparable with the British Government forbidding the American Government to shift the automobile industry from Detroit to Texas. We will encourage the Americans to invest money in Britannia, we will trade with them, and we may even look forward to the day when Britannia and America will coalesce as partners, but we will not, and cannot, tolerate any control by them of our affairs. As for Canada, she will be in a delicate position and we must face the fact that, at any rate to begin with, she may want to keep out of the Federation, or at least to occupy a special position in it; this remains to be seen. Finally, what of our relations with Russia and the rest of the world? It would be idle to pretend that the Russians would welcome a resurgent British Commonwealth, particularly a Commonwealth in the closest economic relations with Western Europe, any more than we can welcome the present Russian ideological and economic drive. The full development of British territories is, however, no concern of Russia's, nor will the great expansion in world trade resulting therefrom bring anything but benefit to her. In the last resort, too, it is well to remember that there is only one thing worse than being involved in war—and that is being defeated in war.

This is still a world of power politics and power economics; therefore let us be powerful; but let us never forget our ultimate goal of world peace—a goal that is far more likely to be achieved by economic steps of the nature we have proposed than by top-heavy organisations based on little but the pious hopes of idealists and the qualified support of nations on the make.

Bonnard-Vuillard-Sickert

PATRICK HERON

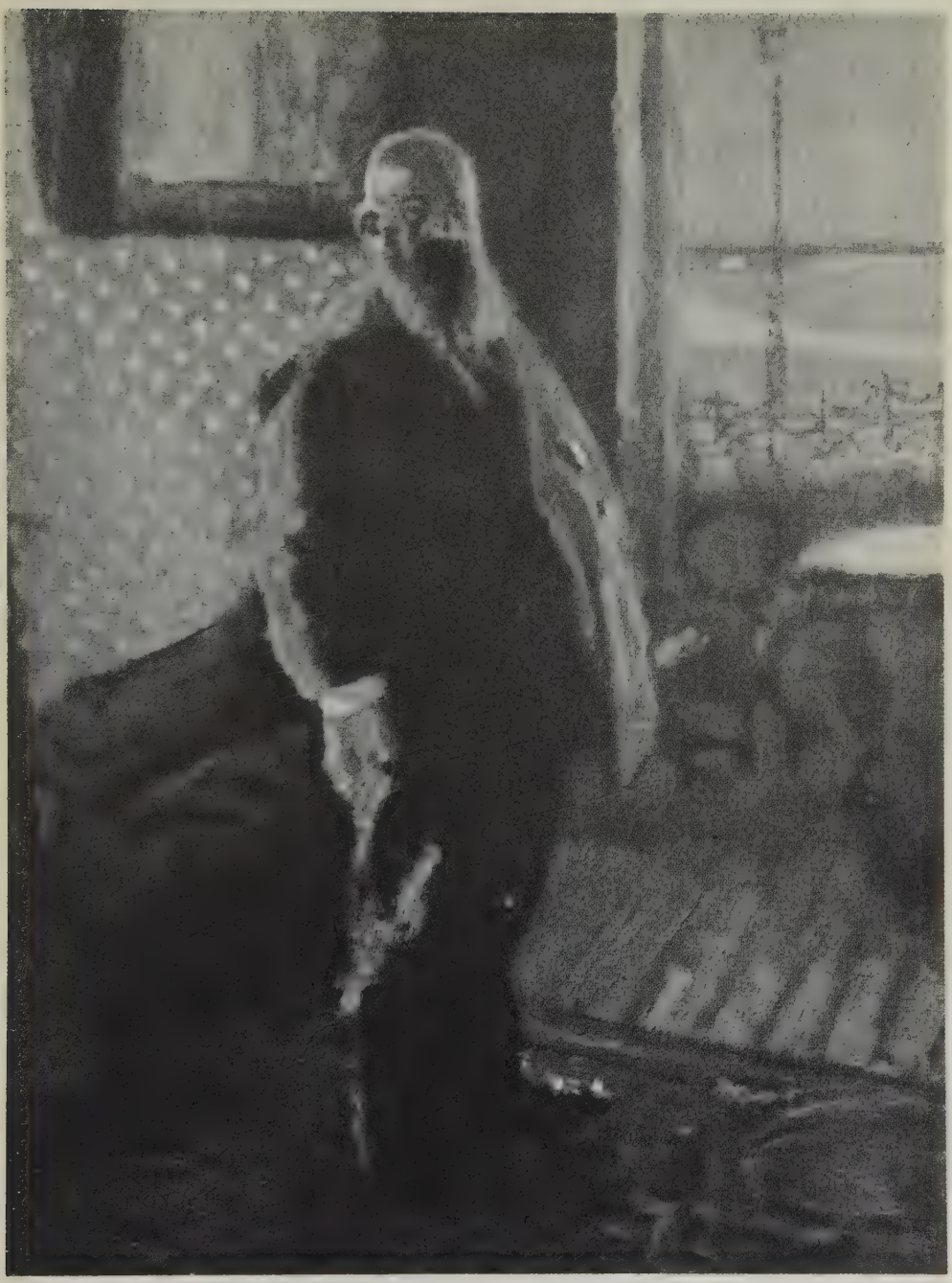
PIERRE BONNARD (1867–1947); Edouard Vuillard (1868–1940); W. R. Sickert (1860–1942)—the first a great painter; the second near-great; and the third, the best English painter of his own and the succeeding generation. No tight bonds of artistic dogma bind them together; they did not perpetrate an 'ism'. Yet, in the century of 'isms' they held their own, and some of the young artists of today continue to revere them, even if the critics, in their endless search for something new, something they can 'discover' and lose again in a spate of words, are now seeking to make them unfashionable. What Bonnard, Vuillard and Sickert have in common cannot be registered in a single phrase or even in one paragraph. Those pictorial ingredients which they shared can only be annotated slowly, as we become more and more familiar with the work of each. The French have tried to impose the term *Intimiste* on Bonnard and Vuillard, and it fits so far as subject matter is concerned. Intimate, indeed, are the delicious interior scenes of a serene, stable and happy domesticity—Madame Bonnard with her lap-dog; Vuillard's old mother sewing. Sickert, too, painted actual scenes from daily life as it surrounded him in the somewhat slummy districts of Camden Town or Dieppe: but his young successors of the Euston Road School, in distinction from French contemporaries, picked on this very aspect of Sickert's art as showing a meritorious 'social realism'. Young French painters and critics, on the other hand, had attributed Bonnard's and Vuillard's choice of subject-matter to 'bourgeois decadence'—which only goes to show what nonsense it is to attach any specific social meaning to the work of good artists. In this case opposite significances, socially speaking, were attributed to the same artistic phenomena, but both were wrong. I'm not suggesting that art and what is loosely called 'life' have no connection: they are indeed related, intimately and subtly. But I should say that from fifty to a hundred years must separate the critic who attempts to formulate this subtle connection, in an articulate theory, from the painter he is considering. Even then it is a task requiring peculiar gifts amounting to a genius for *interpretation*.

So let us ignore the charge that Bonnard and Vuillard are decadent or out-moded tag-ends of Impressionism; let us consider their works, and see what they have still to say to us. Art-criticism should concern itself with pictures, at the expense, if need be, of theories. The actual visual experience which comes to him from looking at paintings should be the chief material of the critic's writing: not the ratiocination which he must cast off in order to be properly susceptible to the excitement which pictures give off.

The term *Intimiste*, I said, will do as an indication of the kind of subjects in which Bonnard and Vuillard exulted. But it is somehow most misleading as an indication of their treatment of those subjects; of the actual pictorial language which these painters created. Artists will tell you that

[*Continued on page 53*

Manchester City Art Gallery



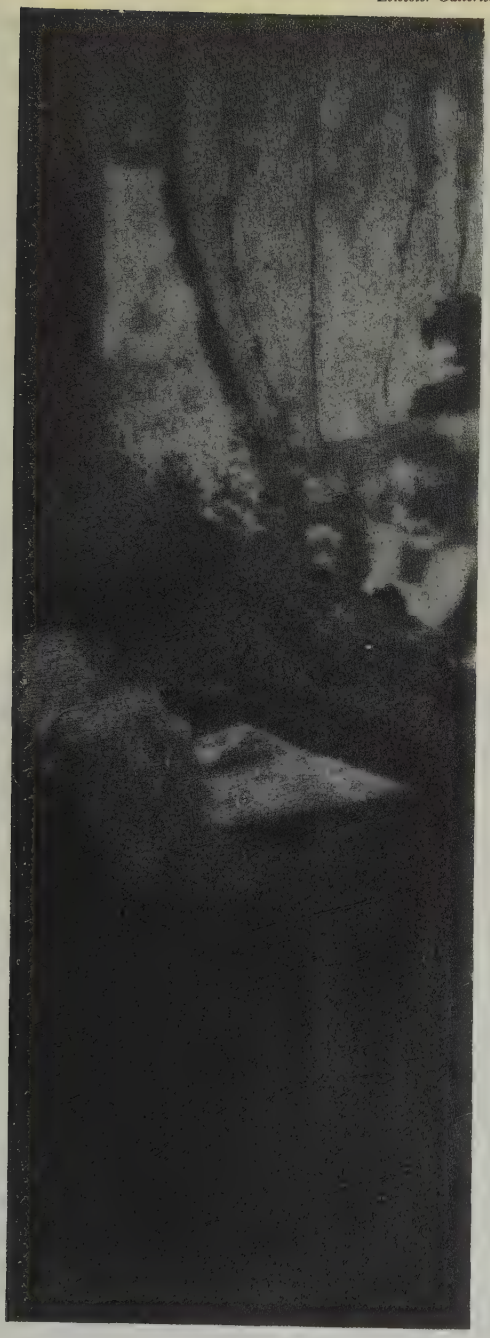
W. R. SICKERT — Victor Le Cour

Earl De La Warr

BONNARD

Normandy Landscape

Leicester Galleries



VUILLARD Femme au Métier

Geoffrey Barlow

BONNARD — Head of Girl

Edward Le Bas, A.R.A.

BONNARD — The Bowl of Milk

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the painting itself—the way things are put down—is of more importance than the object that is seen. A painter myself, I know that this is how it seems when one is in action: one's whole preoccupation is with *how* one sees—and then, with *how* one states one's vision in terms of the material one is using. Nevertheless, I have come to recognise the obvious fact that one's subject and one's treatment of that subject are inseparable. Clive Bell stressed the form of Cézanne's apples at the expense of the apples themselves: but of course their 'significant form' owed as much of its significance to their identity as apples, as to their formal quality, their abstract rotundity and density. Obviously the truth is that the kind of form one arrives at is very much determined by the actual objects one is looking at and contemplating. Cézanne's forms, with all their terrific force and precision, were no arbitrary approximation to the objects of his visual scrutiny: they were essences precipitated, through the medium of Cézanne himself. Cézanne's intense effort (and such effort, with all its personal cost, was sustained by a moral force of heroic dimensions) served to extract from natural things their essential form and colour.

But if the apple in Cézanne's picture derives from a real apple, it is by means of a human agent that it materialises, and it will therefore express the artist as much as the original apple: both Cézanne and the real apple are present in a 'Cézanne apple'. Painting is therefore a marriage of *inner* and *outer*; of subjective and objective. The innermost recesses of the painter's mind react to the image of the visible exterior world: he makes a selection of exterior images and then re-creates them after his own desire. So the created thing, the painting, reflects both the world and himself. What quality did Bonnard thus bestow upon the selected objects of his love? The objects themselves we know: we can recognise them because he was never impelled, as other moderns have been, to conceal them in a system of extreme distortion. The remnants of a meal on a table under a wide window: a girl across the table idly fingering a cup or bending to stroke the cat; this is a favourite subject. In *The Bowl of Milk*—here reproduced—the girl is walking towards the artist with some milk for the shadowy expectant puss that stalks across the bottom of the canvas with tail on high. Every object in the room is familiar in the sense that we can recognise it for what it is.

Bonnard—Master of Design

There is no deciphering to be done, as with Picasso and Braque: all we have to do is to look and enjoy: and as we look we become aware of the intricate marvels of design and colour and plastic solidity of what at first sight seemed so natural an arrangement as to be almost artless. But this subject chosen, what does Bonnard do? Why is this a Bonnard room, Bonnard girl, a Bonnard table and window? The answer lies partly in the instinctive arrangement he makes with the shapes of these things in relation to each other and to the edges of the picture, to the frame: but partly also in the *quality* of each object, each bit of the whole design. As to the former, we can see that this composition is based on a system of oblongs and diamond shapes: at the centre of this picture is the big diamond of sunlit table-top, with the big, white plate in the middle of its lower half: between its own shadow and the shadow of the horizontal window-bar this white plate assumes a lozenge shape (which in turn is suggestive of a horizontal diamond form). Bonnard pulls many of his forms into this lozenge shape, just as he also manages to imply an oblong with rounded corners in objects that are utterly remote from an oblong-form: note the square-round shadow inside the top of the jug. Next to this diamond patch of light table-top is a bar of deep shadow cast by the vertical window-frame: it is a narrow oblong of deep, rich colour interrupted in the middle by the light patch of a cup and saucer. As this bar of darker colour extends diagonally down in succession over table, cup and saucer, tray, and table again,

it breaks up into a strip of checks—a string of diamond shapes, or squarish patches made diamond by perspective. This checkered pattern extends as well to both right and left of this bar of shadow: see how the right-hand edge of the saucer, sticking out into the light, makes a dazzling patch which is at once balanced by a fragment of dark still further to the right—a piece of the shadow of the horizontal window-bar, which bounds the big plate on its further side. The whole picture is a series of lighter or darker checks—except for the flat front of the girl's dress, which becomes, roughly, a huge vertical oblong of shadow filling the right-hand side of the picture.

Mastery of Tone

I have pointed out this check structure because I believe it is the abstract basis of all Bonnard's compositions. It is as though a fish-net were first thrown over his canvas so that he had to paint his picture through the holes. The slight distortions that were instinctive with him serve to tip horizontal planes (e.g., table-tops) up towards the artist's eye and to turn vertical surfaces (e.g., walls) round into a position more nearly parallel with the picture surface.

I mentioned the *quality* Bonnard's objects have. Look at the jug in this same picture: see how he has stroked it into shape, caressed its shadowed side with dark blues and greens until it bulges with the utmost solidity and rotundity! It is the same with the anemones (see the square-round rhythm of each flower-head in the bunch of darkness), with the table-top and with the expanse of wall behind: his capacity to *go on feeling* the thing, to go on stroking it into shape, with all the knowledge, observation and love of a lifetime behind each touch—this capacity was endless in Bonnard. The profoundest spatial depth inheres in every shape, every arrangement of colour and line: the essential tension (characteristic of all great painting) between spatial depth and design (the fish-net configuration) is marvellously maintained. The gibe that Bonnard was merely a decorator of the flat surface is completely unjustified, as you can see by the voluminous depth and sunlit air evoked in this picture of a room, *The Bowl of Milk*. In *Portrait of a Girl*, too, Bonnard's tremendous gift of form is at once evident. Wonderfully poised, her head is realised in space: but more than this, it has also a psychological reality—we have met a girl!

Bonnard is, in my opinion, as great as Renoir: he may well persist and grow in stature when the brilliant and dramatic Picasso is felt to wane into a less triumphant and more truly tragic figure, essentially unfulfilled: an eternal wanderer.

But what of Vuillard, friend and associate of Bonnard? Where does he stand? Obviously his gifts were slighter. This doesn't mean that he was not a very fine painter. But his exquisite design was less informed by a passionate comprehension of space and form: his pictures are more calmly . . . *plotted*, I think is the word. There is no sense of organic combustion about his forms: they have been frozen and caught by a brilliant and witty eye. 'But what an eye!' as Cézanne said of Monet. In my reproduction the subtle mastery of tone and the originality of design are obvious—and again it is a design based on observation of the solid realities. But, for all its charm, it's thin after Bonnard.

Finally, Sickert. This *Portrait of Victor Lecour* is one of the best pictures Sickert ever painted. But in spite of the economic design of light and dark patches, evoking most surely the massive figure in the centre of the room, it seems a little pedestrian after Bonnard and Vuillard. Sickert, too, had wit, could draw, knew that design should determine the disposition of colours. Was it that he stuck too closely to the good drawing he knew he'd mastered? Too closely to what the camera confirmed him in seeing? I am afraid his imagination stopped short at twisting the real world a little; at bending straight things and straightening bent ones, against the laws of gravity and optics. But Bonnard did both these things, and he was sanctioned by pictorial laws, which are not the same.

Study in Frustration

A LETTER FROM A MANUFACTURER

This was originally a private letter to a friend. It is printed as an example of the feelings of a small manufacturer today

THE frustrations of the business man struggling to get a living these days are apt to make one nervy and short-temperered. Things get worse and the restrictions are so numerous and childish that at times one wonders whether one is living with Alice in Wonderland or really as a humble member of a society struggling to save itself from disaster. I ask myself a hundred times a day whether my pessimism is due to middle age or the conditions in which we are struggling. I don't think it is middle age entirely for we still have a lot of kick in the business and have done some good work, in the face of appalling difficulties, to recondition our factory. The fact remains, however, that without yarn and power it is difficult to know how to conduct a hosiery factory. We get masses of leaflets and posters urging us to produce and to export our productions, all of which go straight into the waste-paper basket, but we can get neither the new machinery, the necessary quality of yarn, or sufficient power to do anything in the matter. As far as one can gather from our spinners, their plight is more serious than ours. Only the other day a publisher was telling me that a Dutchman had shown him an import licence (from the Dutch Government) to import into Holland 400 tons of art paper of English make at ninepence a pound. The publisher tells me that if he could get hold of the paper, he could export it in the form of books at an average of three and sixpence per pound. One could multiply instances of this sort of nonsense indefinitely. The hosiery trade has had a particularly bad deal from the start of the war. We have, during the war, had no allocation of yarn of the type necessary to do our class of trade, and since the end of the war only enough fine yarn to keep one machine employed for six months or so. And now at this date the authorities have sent instructions that in future we are to use only a still lower quality than that which we have been using for utility goods, which incidentally is a mixture of types of yarn which no sane firm thinking anything of its reputation would employ.

Planned Chaos!

Enough of our troubles. What a pass our planning has come to! We can buy lemons, but no sugar; grape-fruit and other rare and refreshing fruits but little or no fats, no eggs, no coal and no wood. We can buy a mass of shoddy electrical equipment but no current to use in them. We take the purchase tax off electrical equipment, make it by the ton and then discover that the consumption of current is such that the supply breaks down. We send wool yarn to France, hosiery machinery to any country wanting it, and exhort our own manufacturers to get busy reconditioning their factories and producing more goods for export for which, when we have managed to make a little, we are unable to get an export licence. Is this England or one huge Bedlam?

The poor people, the public, the ultimate mugs, will wake up one day to find themselves unemployed. They have been taught to regard the employer as their enemy and have come to believe it, and the time will come when they will turn to him and beg him to do something for them and he will be more or less powerless. They do not

know that it takes years to build up business goodwill; that it can vanish in a very short time. And no government can do anything about it. The whole problem in business before the war was that of selling. It was the universal commercial headache. The time will come when the seller's market will have vanished, and it will again be the problem of industry. When that time comes, we shall know the cost of the time we are now losing in an atmosphere of frustration—time which ought to be spent in building up reserves of goodwill, cash and new equipment, against the day when every order will have to be wrung out of the buyer as it was before the war.

My father used to say that, if you can't teach people sense through their heads, it will be done through their bellies.

Whitehall *versus* Initiative

No government — Tory, Liberal or Socialist—can run the industry of this country. It just ain't possible! The little grubby shop at the corner of the street has its hand on the pulse of the people in its immediate vicinity. It knows what they want, what they will not buy, or what service they require. As soon as it ceases to know this, it will close down. This information trickles from thousands of such shops through the commercial travellers and the wholesaler to the manufacturer and back still further to the primary producer. All in turn must adjust themselves constantly to the requirements and fashions of the people whom the shops serve. Manufacturing initiative must be modified by the information that is always running along this course. The alternative to this age-old system is force, standardisation, and the elimination of choice. Though such a system can be operated in a self-contained country, it cannot do so in this country.

You know all this, of course, but I must get it off my chest, and it may interest you to hear it from someone in the front line of commerce. One gets used to the London School of Economics (how I hate the word!) teaching its grandmother to suck eggs, but the spectacle of that august body smashing them is alarming.

In order to try to by-pass the shortage of coal and electricity, we are putting in two independent oil-heated boilers to heat the factory. Heaven knows when the job will be started! We also answered an advertisement for a complete oil-driven electricity generating plant. In reply to our inquiry we were told that the price of the plant was £3,000. On making further inquiries in order to check up the price, we were told that these plants were meant for Russia and the price to that country was £900! Not being a government department, we decided to let the advertisers keep their plant, and got in touch with our own electricians to find out what they could do for us. They quoted a complete guaranteed plant for £1,700. And now we have to find out what the reactions of our Power Company are likely to be to our plan to provide our own electric power. There is, of course, the chance that the government may step in and tell us that we shall not be allowed to work the plant or that we cannot have the necessary oil. Every attempt one makes to surmount the difficulties of the time lands one in a mass of expense, restrictions and uncertainties. We showed at the B.I.F. in May but had practically nothing to show except a few samples that were made before the war, which of course we cannot make today. We had a representative at the stand to tell possible buyers that we could not make the goods we were showing, nor could we promise to make or export anything.

This must seem like pure nonsense to you but I assure you it is a true picture of the present position in our trade. I tell you all this because it may interest you to know at first hand what is happening in industry under our planned society. Thomas Jefferson said somewhere that when the farmers of the States were told by Washington when they were to sow and when to reap, the U.S.A. would starve. It appears to me the same runs for this country when Whitehall issues the orders.

ROY *and* JOHN BOULTING *caught by the candid camera on the set of* Brighton Rock

THE CINEMA (2)

The Boulting Brothers Film Producers

PATRICK GIBBS

'WE don't like it very much,' remarked the film director, John Boulting, in a conversation at the M.G.M. Studios at Elstree recently. He was referring not to a scene from 'Brighton Rock', which I had just seen enacted under his direction, but to the film his company had just finished: an adaption of Howard Spring's best-selling novel, *Fame is the Spur*. 'We don't like it very much,' he repeated. 'It hasn't turned out too well.'

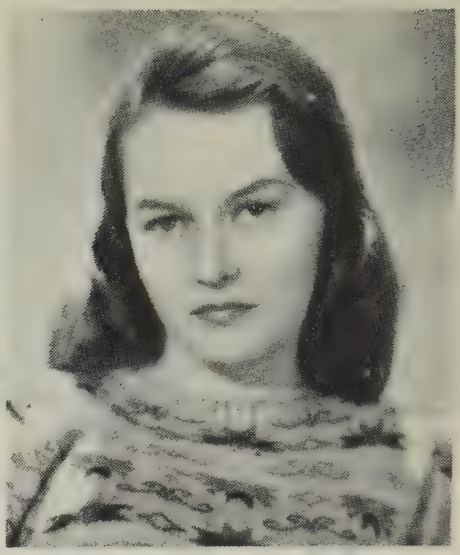
Now, I like it very much. Not the film, of which I could form no opinion since it was in the process of being edited; but Mr. Boulting's admission, which showed a frankness of self-criticism unusual in any profession between creator and critic, and particularly rare in the film industry, where every film is the best ever until it is proved the worst in history.

It was not good enough, John Boulting insisted; and whether the film-going public confirm his judgment or not, the result of such an attitude towards his work cannot be other than beneficial. Criticism had not yet been passed on 'Fame is the Spur', yet lessons learned from a film its producers considered a failure were already being applied to their current production, 'Brighton Rock'.

Of course, there was something of the inevitable creator's reaction about John Boulting's pessimism; the interval between the completion of a work and its appearance before the public is always a period of doubt. But I found other members of the company who were also less than pleased with their latest creation, so I am led to assume that Mr. Boulting's expressed opinion was made in no spirit of false modesty.

Charter Films, as this admission indicates, is an interesting company. Of the Boulting brothers, Roy and John, partners

RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH, *ex-R.A.F. Sergeant-Air-Gunner, turned actor*



LOVELY CAROL MARSH, *'discovered' among 3,000 beautiful aspirants for the part*

in the enterprise and identical twins, almost too much has already been written. At thirty-two they are young; as heads of a firm they have no small experience. With their own company, they are virtually independent producers, making films of their own choice, and always choosing carefully. 'Fame is the Spur' was made for the Two Cities Company at Denham; 'Brighton Rock' is being made mainly at Welwyn but partly at Elstree for the Associated British Cinema Corporation, for whom they are to make two other films.

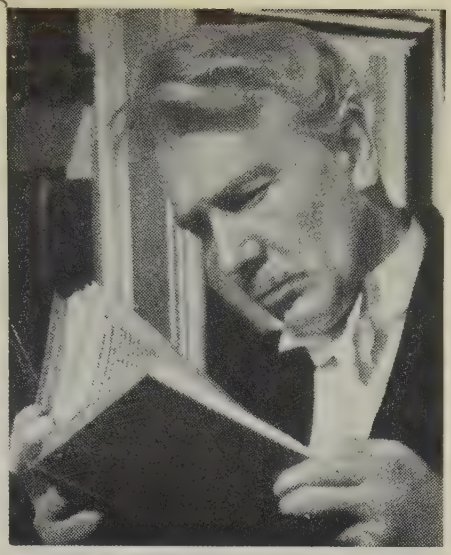
Poetic Justice

The unit was at the new and previously unused M.G.M. Studios at Elstree when I visited it. The set, the interiors of the Cosmopolitan Hotel at Brighton, was larger than could be accommodated in the Welwyn studios, where the remainder of the settings have been erected. *Brighton Rock*, an early and very successful novel by Graham Greene, should certainly make a fascinating film, and in this case the author himself has collaborated with Terence Rattigan in writing the script. If it shoots as well as it reads, there will this time be no talk of failure.

The story tells of a young leader of a gang of Brighton criminals, hardly more than a boy, known as 'Pinkie'. A born leader, dogged by the aftermath of an unhappy childhood into criminal paths and sadistic practices, he wages war with a rival gang led by the older, more experienced, Colleoni. In a Brighton underworld, which contrasts strangely with the fashionable façade of the seaside town, murder is committed and avenged by murder. A waitress, Rose, no more than a girl, unknowingly finds evidence incriminating Pinkie, and drawn into the underworld, falls in love, tragically, with the young gangster. A visitor to Brighton, warm-hearted Ida Arnold, also finds evidence, which in the end causes Pinkie to be cornered and killed, with poetic justice, by vitriol he had intended for Rose's destruction.

The novel was not really successful when adapted for the stage and produced in London in 1943, but that is no reason why it should not make an excellent film. Richard Attenborough, who is under

ROSAMUND JOHN, *who co-stars with Michael Redgrave in* Fame is the Spur



LORD RADSHAW (Michael Redgrave) *re-reads one of his own youthful political books*

contract to the Boultings, is playing Pinkie, a part he has already portrayed in the stage version. When I saw him at the Garrick Theatre four years ago, I admired his performance as one coming from a very young actor in a full-length part, but thought it marred by a tendency to over-emphasis. Since then he has gained much experience, nearly all in the studios, his most notable performance, perhaps, being in 'Journey Together', as the young airman who failed as a pilot but succeeded as a navigator. That film, which John Boulting directed, confirmed a promise already apparent in a minor part in Noel Coward's 'In Which We Serve', and brought the young actor, now only 24, under contract to Charter Films.

Richard Attenborough, in my opinion, is both an asset to the company and a liability. As an actor he is now excellent: there is, perhaps, a tendency to acquire mannerisms which need to be carefully watched; but as a type he is formidably difficult to cast, being physically far removed from the romantic model which seems to be so indispensable to film audiences. But he has charm and warmth of personality to such a degree that I suggested to John Boulting he should find a romantic rôle for him, rather than continually casting him in character parts. Discerning filmgoers are already weary of actresses who are so much to a pattern that they might have come off a mass-production line in some star factory: why must we still have males conforming to a fixed idea of a romantic type?

However, the fact remains that Richard Attenborough is under contract to the Boultings, and it behoves them to find him suitable parts. For Pinkie in 'Brighton Rock' he will be ideal; but the intention is that this film will be followed by 'The Guinea Pig', a version of the play now running in London, and that Attenborough shall play the schoolboy who is the subject of an educational experiment at a public school. This casting I consider a retrogression. Attenborough will, I have no doubt, play the part well, and look the part adequately; but it will not move the young actor forward in development or career. I shall look forward to the film; but I should look forward with greater enthusiasm to a rôle of adult and human

Producer JOHN BOULTING *and* MICHAEL REDGRAVE *chatting on the set at Denham*

interest in which he can show new paces.

Also under contract for five films is the seventeen-year-old Carol Marsh, who is to play the part of Rose, and Nigel Stock, an actor who was recently seen on the London stage in the not very successful comedy, 'And No Birds Sing'. Stock undoubtedly has talent, personality and looks in an adequate degree; his future work for the Boultings should be at least interesting. From Miss Marsh great things are hoped, but these are early days for an expression of judgment. Rose is a part with many opportunities for the display of emotions; Miss Marsh, it is obvious, will show us a sweet face and a graceful figure, as can so many 'discoveries'; if she can show also a heart beating beneath her comely exterior, I, for one, will be satisfied, and from bitter experience with heralded newcomers, a little surprised.

However, it is not necessary to have actors under contract to cast films well; this the Boultings have demonstrated before. Like most discerning producers, they incline to look to the London stage to fill important rôles. I recall their first ambitious film, 'Thunder Rock', as one of the best cast and finely acted films of recent years. To make that moving story by Robert Ardrey, which had already succeeded as a play, the two brothers were released from the services in 1943. The result was a film which at once placed them in the first rank of producers and brought their names before a public which was hardly aware of their existence, despite the fact that they had already shown rare promise with 'Pastor Hall', a document indicting Fascism which was being made on the outbreak of war.

Wartime Experience

In 'Thunder Rock' there were fine performances from Michael Redgrave, James Mason, Lili Palmer and Barbara Mullen, all of whom were given opportunities well suited to their abilities and characters. Casting, largely a matter of taste, was discerning; indeed it was taste in every respect that characterised the production as a whole and made the story of the journalist, Charlston, who escaped from the war-threatened world to a lighthouse, only to be challenged by more courageous figures of the past, so memorable and, as was intended, so haunting.

Had there been no war, the Boultings must have followed this achievement with half-a-dozen worthy successors, and they would now be established among those producers so ably challenging Hollywood tastes and methods. As it is, they had to start anew on demobilisation: between 'Thunder Rock' and 'Fame is the Spur' there has been a five-year interval. For the Boultings this was not wasted time. John, for the R.A.F. film unit, made that very effective semi-documentary film of aircrews under training, 'Journey Together', which had a fine reception on both sides of the Atlantic. And Roy, for the Army, made the no less notable documentaries, 'Desert Victory' and 'Burma Victory'. But it is a steady output of feature films that makes a producer's reputation with the public, and now the Boultings are embarking on a programme of three films a year, settling down to

build the foundation of an assured success delayed by the war.

Howard Spring's 'Fame is the Spur', with which they express dissatisfaction, was perhaps not the easiest novel they could have found to adapt. The book, of considerable length, was rich in texture, the story covering eighty years in the life of a politician, Hamer Radshaw, and embracing in the process many important political events of the late nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

The Boultings, being Socialists, were no doubt attracted by the ideological message that could be read into the novel. The character of Hamer Radshaw, it is said, was suggested by that of Ramsay MacDonald. Whatever foundation there may be for this speculation, Hamer Radshaw offers a fine acting part, which is being taken by Michael Redgrave.

Born in poverty in the slums of Manchester, Hamer develops ideals which lead him towards politics with the Labour Party. Talent combines with a streak of charlatanism to carve out for him a brilliant political career, but material success cannot compensate for the loss of his much loved wife. In the end he dies alone, his principles sacrificed to personal considerations, despised and reviled by the childhood friends whom he has abandoned in his success, Arnold Ryerson and Tom Hannaway.

Rosamund John is playing Hamer's wife, Bernard Miles and Hugh Burden the two friends, while Marjorie Fielding, Seymour Hicks and Carla Lehmann also have important parts. Nigel Balchin, author of those successful novels, *The Small Back Room* and *Mine Own Executioner*, both of which are being made into films, made the script. Roy Boulting, on this occasion, directed, the brothers taking it in turns alternately to produce and direct.

For 'Brighton Rock' an equally impressive cast has been assembled. Hermione Baddeley is to play the inquisitive Ida Arnold, who is instrumental in saving Rose from murder at the hands of Pinkie; this part she portrayed brilliantly, perhaps with more vigour than subtlety, in the play. William Hartnell is playing Pinkie's right-hand man, Dallow, and that excellent actor, Charles Goldner, has the part of Colleoni, leader of the rival gang.

Director ROY BOULTING *with* BERNARD MILES *on the* Fame is the Spur *set*

The scene I watched in the studio was the arrival of Pinkie at the Cosmopolitan Hotel to meet Colleoni. The lounge of the hotel is crowded. Attenborough comes in through the swing doors, hesitates in surroundings of luxury unfamiliar to him, then goes over to the reception desk. A receptionist rings for a page, who leads him up the stairs for the meeting. I was much impressed by John Boulting's handling of the large scene on which there are some fifty characters. Runs-through went well, and the shot was achieved with a minimum of crises. Such an occurrence is unusual in film studios, particularly with a crowded scene, but the Boultings, I repeat, are unusual: from them we will certainly be getting unusual films. If they have not yet made an outstandingly good film, I shall be greatly surprised, despite the alleged failure of 'Fame is the Spur', if they ever make a bad one. I detect in their work a fastidious taste which will not tolerate the inferior: their future films are likely to be judged only in degrees of excellence.

The Skeleton at the Feast

There is one country, and one country only, of all the Queen's dominions where the populace will regard the celebration [of the Diamond Jubilee] with a sullen aloofness which will cause Southern and Western Ireland to stand out like a coal-black cinder in the midst of the genial flames of Imperial loyalty. Fortunately the explanation is as simple as it is obvious. In that sullen zone of disaffection there live the only English-speaking men, outside the Transvaal, who are compelled to submit to an administration and to laws which represent another will than that of the majority of the community. Canada at the beginning of the reign was as discontented as Ireland, but today Canada, from the Imperial standpoint, is the brightest spot on the horizon.

The Americans and Federation of Europe

It is quite possible that some of the votes that secured the defeat of the Arbitration Treaty may have been influenced by a sentiment of sympathy with the Greeks and of hostility to the European Concert. But if so, it is only another illustration of Oxenstiern's familiar illustration as to the paucity of wisdom with which the world is governed. The Americans would have very little difficulty in understanding the relations between the European Powers and the Cretans if they were to carry their mind back for a few years to the attitude of the Northern States to the question of slavery, before the outbreak of the war. Abolitionist sentiment was strong enough to secure the support of the majority of the Union against slavery. But Abolitionist sentiment was not used to wreck the Union in order that a single Abolitionist State might prosecute a policy of liberation single-handed. Had the Abolitionists attempted any such course they would have been traitors to their country and have met the fate awarded to traitors. But what they did was to remain in the Union and use all their influence to secure that the policy of the Union should be steadily directed against slavery, whenever an opportunity arose. That is exactly what Lord Salisbury is doing in relation to the Eastern question. Of all nations in the world the Americans should be the first to appreciate and understand the motives which led England to abide by the Concert rather than take a policy of isolated action.

The Triumph of Man
From the Westminster Budget

Greece from the Russian Standpoint

Russians, with the exception of Madame Novikoff, are so chary in expounding their political opinions in language intelligible to the Western world, that special reference should be made to a very remarkable interview with M. Vereschagin, the distinguished Russian painter, which appeared in the *Daily News* on the occasion of his visit to London in May. M. Vereschagin is a Dante of the Brush, and his pictures of the realities of war are the nightmares of modern art. But he is a thorough Muscovite, and he exposed the roots of Russian policy in the East with unfaltering courage. Greece, he said, was carried away by the delusion that she was the destined heir of Constantinople. Her raid on Crete was the first overt act by which she showed her hand. The occupation

of Crete, if permitted, she would have regarded as a stepping-stone to the occupation of Constantinople. To that Russia was absolutely opposed, therefore it was necessary for Russia to afford an unswerving opposition to Greece in Crete. Russia recognised frankly that she could not obtain Constantinople for herself, and no conceivable successor who could be suggested would be so convenient to the Russians as the Sultan, who was long ago named the Tsar's hall-porter.

And Armenia

SPEAKING about the Armenians, M. Vereschagin was frank almost to the verge of cynicism. Armenia, he said, is the Poland of Asia Minor. At present it is partitioned between Russia, Persia and Turkey. The Armenians in Russia are far the best off, and the superiority of their treatment causes all the best Armenians to look to Russia, much as at present all the Poles, both in Posen and Russian Poland, look to Austria on account of the greater liberty she allows to the Poles in Galicia. This position of advantage Russia did not wish to lose, neither did she wish to encourage the Armenian aspirations for the re-establishment of an Armenian Kingdom. However, said M. Vereschagin, while the Russians are anxious to secure reforms from the Turks, they will be very moderate and cautious in pressing their demands and, in short, would act in regard to Armenia exactly as they do in relation to the Poles.

What May Be in 1947

THE American novelist, Mr. Frank R. Stockton, in *Harper's Magazine* for June, contributes a new serial 'The Great Stone of Sardis', the scene of which is laid fifty years hence in America.

Steamship of the Future

WITHOUT attempting to tell the story, we may notice the various things which Mr. Stockton says may have been perfected before that day.

Steamers crossed the Atlantic at an average time of three days. Most of these vessels belonged to the class of the Euterpe-Thalia, and were, in fact, compound marine structures, the two portions being entirely distinct from each other. The great hull contained nothing but its electric engines and its propelling machinery, with the necessary fuel and adjuncts.

The upper portion of the compound vessel consisted of decks and quarters for passengers and crew, and holds for freight. These were all comprised within a vast upper hull, which rested upon the lower hull containing the motive power, the only point of contact being an enormous ball-and-socket joint. Thus, no matter how much the lower hull might roll, the upper hull remained level and comparatively undisturbed.

Not only were comfort to passengers and security to freight gained by this arrangement of the compound vessel, but it was now possible to build the lower hull of much less size than had been the custom in former days, when the hull had to be large enough to contain everything. As the more modern hull held nothing but machinery, it was small in comparison with the superincumbent upper hull, and thus the force of the engine, once needed to propel a vast mass through the resisting ocean, was now employed upon a comparatively small hull, the great body of the vessel meeting with no resistance except that of the air.

Passengers, when arriving at New York, find themselves hoisted by elevators to a lofty bridge, along which moving platforms were constantly gliding. These platforms carried them to the station of the electric tram, which whirled them inland at the rate of 100 miles an hour.

Electric Tram of Next Century

THE tramway line for the future is to run, it would seem, upside down:

The rails of this line ran along the top of parallel timbers, some twenty feet from the ground, and below and between these rails the cars were suspended, the wheels which rested on the rails being attached near the top of the car. Thus it was impossible for the cars to run off the track; and as their bottoms or floors were ten or twelve feet from the ground, they could meet with no dangerous obstacles. In consequence of the safety of this structure, the trains were run at a very high speed.

The hero of the story is one Roland Clewe, who is a great inventor, a man of applied science, and the story turns upon his discoveries.

Indiscretion—Its Results

From Fun

HENRY JAMES'

DAISY MILLER

REVIEWED BY ANTHONY CURTIS

At the end of 1877, Henry James, in his early thirties, on one of his frequent visits to Rome, heard there from a friend the account of how 'some simple and uninformed American lady' visiting the Italian capital the winter before with her daughter, 'a child of nature and of freedom', had allowed the latter to make friends with 'a good-looking Roman of vague identity, astonished at his luck.' The relationship—with gathering intimacy—had continued 'till the occurrence of some small social check'! This bare fragment of gossip, which anyone but Henry James, with his eye for a subject, would have smiled at and then forgotten, was to provide the seed of the vivid and moving little comedy of Daisy Miller. In London, in the spring of the following year, he reconsidered the theme; and with the fragmentary anecdote on one side, and the completed story on the other, one can follow the process by which he brought this original inspiration to obey those severe rules of fiction which characterise all his work.

First, as always, it was necessary to implicate a perceptive (but not detached) person of intelligence at the centre of the plot, in whose consciousness the story could be conveyed to the reader. Winterbourne, a pleasant young American of twenty-seven, educated at Geneva, who, on a visit to his aunt, Mrs. Costello, at Vevey, finds himself staying at the same hotel as the Millers (whom his aunt finds intolerable), finally provided for this need.

As well as the original mother and daughter, the Millers' party was made to include a son, Randolph aged nine, and a haughtily insolent courier, Eugenio. Randolph, the naughtiest and roughest of all Henry James' children, is used, in the first instance, to bring his sister and Winterbourne together, and he makes the characters of both Daisy and her mother more complete by the light which he sheds on the family's outlook and background. Both the Miller children thus became dominant, unyielding characters; their mother, in contrast, was given a sublime ineffectuality, and provided a good deal of the comedy.

Rebellious Woman

It is in the garden of the hotel beside a blue expansive lake to his aunt's cynical displeasure and without the formality of an introduction that Winterbourne first speaks to Daisy. In white summer muslin, staring across the lake, while she talks, she meets him frankly and without embarrassment. He learns that her father is rich, has a business in Schenectady, that the family are on tour and intend the following winter to go 't'Italy'. Daisy then expresses a wish to see the Castle of Chillon, which prompts Winterbourne to offer to escort her there, and he subsequently does this without a chaperone. It is Daisy's first great act of impropriety, confirming the worst suspicions of Winterbourne's aunt and ensuring, by the end of the excursion, that Winterbourne's own interest in the Millers shall be more than one of curiosity.

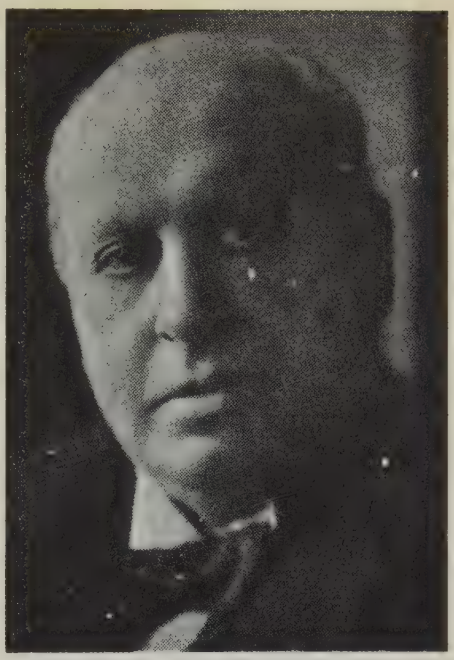
One critic has described Daisy Miller as 'The woman who does a thing for the sake of the thing in itself'; it would, I think, be truer to say that she is the woman who

rebels for the sake of rebellion. As Daisy admits herself (after she has abandoned a further plan for going out on the river late at night alone with Winterbourne, because no one will try to prevent her from doing it), she does like making a fuss!

The following January, Winterbourne, back in Geneva, learns from his aunt in Rome, where the Millers have been for some time, that Daisy is 'very intimate with various third-rate Italians with whom she rackets about in a way that makes much talk.' On arriving he finds this to be something of an exaggeration: Daisy has become interested in a certain Mr. Giovanelli whom she insists on bringing to a fashionable party given by an American lady of distinction. It is here that the small social check occurs. When Daisy was about to leave, the hostess 'turned her back straight on Miss Miller and left her to depart with what grace she might.' This is followed by a master stroke: . . . 'but Mrs. Miller was humbly unconscious of any rupture of any law or of any deviation from any custom. She appeared indeed to have felt an incongruous impulse to draw attention to her own striking conformity. "Good night, Mrs. Walter," she said. "We've had a beautiful evening".'

The next scene is the climax of the book. Winterbourne visits the Colosseum one night and in the moonlight on the steps of the great cross in the centre he sees a woman seated. 'Her companion hovered before her.' It is Daisy and Mr. Giovanelli. Soon afterwards, Daisy catches malarial fever and dies. She leaves a message behind for Winterbourne telling him that she was never engaged to the Italian.

The completed manuscript was sent to an editor in Philadelphia and rejected without comment. James comments in the Preface that this 'struck me as rather grim—as, given the circumstances, requiring indeed some explanation: till a friend to whom I appealed for light, giving him the thing to read, declared it could only have passed with the Philadelphian critic for "an outrage on American girlhood".' Nevertheless, it was published the same year in London, and



HENRY JAMES, 1843–1916. *Distinguished American novelist and man of letters*

had such a success that its author was able to write to his mother in 1879, '. . . *Daisy M.* has been, as I have told you before, a really quite extraordinary hit.' A dramatic version was pubished in America in 1883.

After the lapse of over half a century, the social conventions which Miss Miller so indiscreetly flouted have decayed, but her story has lost nothing of its original charm and vitality; and it is interesting to remember that what now seems to ring with a sad, lyrical joy was once felt to be the embodiment of some stern parable. One year after *Daisy Miller* was published, the Bostonian critic, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, wrote: ' . . . Mr. James' most successful stories, *An International Episode* and *Daisy Miller*, have been written with distinct purpose and convey lessons. He has achieved no greater triumph than when in the last book he succeeds in holding our sympathy and even affection, after all, for the essential innocence and rectitude of the poor wayward girl whose follies he has so mercilessly portrayed.'

Clash of Values

Despite its title and its *dénouement*, however, *Daisy Miller* is more than the study of 'one poor wayward girl'. Like all James' work, it is a composition of harmonious and discordant tones: each character individuates a clearly defined tone, which is woven into the intricate music of the plot. The word 'tone' is used here in its widest sense; it is used to include moral standards, for it was the clash of opposed moral values, manifested through personal relations, that James sought ceaselessly to capture. Winterbourne on first meeting Daisy reflects, 'he felt he had lived at Geneva so long as to have got morally muddled; he had lost the right sense for the young American tone.'

James believed that one could be more certain about a character's tone than anything else. He never condemned the people in his novels as being either black or white, good or bad, vulgar or of good taste, but rather prided himself on an ambiguous suspension of judgment, letting the resultant tension between two unreconciled opposites give birth to a significant, memorable tone. Winterbourne, in his perplexed admiration, may ask himself whether Daisy is the most wonderful example of unspoiled innocence or whether she is just a vulgar, American flirt; his aunt may be quite sure and refer to her as 'the little abomination'; but in their creator one can discern no definite propensity to one side or the other: 'Only she was composed . . . of charming little parts that didn't match and that made no *ensemble*.' She is self-willed, selfish, even jealous, as, for instance, when she hears that Winterbourne has an attachment in Geneva; yet she has a larger sympathy and deeper respect for the feelings of other people than any other character in the book. Thus, her real motive for befriending Giovanelli is made clear when she calls him 'my friend in need', and justifies her refusal to abandon him in the street because, 'it would have been most unkind; he had been talking about that walk for ten days.' This relation is her most sincere rebellion against the conventions of the society in which she finds herself.

It is the stern architectural background against which she moves and the harsh censure of the cultivated American colony, whose shallow calm she ruffles, that so enhances Daisy's rebellion. Winterbourne's aunt, whom she never meets, is her greatest enemy. This character, with her taste for French novels and her trenchant aphorisms is a *tour de force*. Winterbourne is the typical Jamesian observer: good-natured, intelligent, perceptive; and his tenderness for Daisy conflicts, according to formula, with his respect for the wisdom of Mrs. Costello. Many of James' scenes are laid in Italy, but rarely did he portray an Italian. The handsome, humble and pathetically grateful Giovanelli is therefore a unique specimen. During Daisy's funeral, he confides to Winterbourne: 'If she had lived I should have got nothing. She would never have married me.' These are the various tones, shrill and muted, among which Daisy has the purity of the human voice heard to the accompaniment of a small but perfectly proportioned orchestra.

The only character in modern fiction with whom she can in any way be compared is E. M. Forster's Miss Beaumont in the story, *Other Kingdom*. They both have the same fine natural grace; in creating them, both novelists have borrowed something from the poet.

Daisy Miller, though, is remarkable in another respect. It is a *nouvelle*, a form equidistant from the short story and the novel, which has never been popular, but in which James delighted, and which contains the best work of his early period. It allows him enough room seemingly unhurriedly to 'fumble out' what he has to say, and yet can be held for inspection as a compact unity in the palm of the mind. It is perhaps through these early *nouvelles*, such as *Daisy Miller*, that those who have become antipathetic to James because of a premature attack upon one of the later novels should re-approach him.

New Books

BIG BUSINESS

By Peter F. Drucker. *Heinemann.* 10s. 6d.

DEMOCRACY AND INDUSTRY

By Constance Reaveley and John Winnington.

Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.

REVIEWED BY GORDON RATTRAY-TAYLOR

As the twentieth century nears its midpoint, we are beginning to descry the shape of the concept which is coming to fill the place left by the collapse of the traditional view—that man is an economic animal, intelligently pursuing wholly material ends. Today we realise that his motives are as much psychological as economic, and that he cannot be studied in isolation from the society in which he lives. He demands that he play a significant part in the activities of society, and from that part he derives a status which he finds deeply satisfying. Above all, he demands the opportunity for creative activity.

Few people have done more to dramatise and develop the new approach than Peter Drucker. In his first book, *The End of Economic Man*, he convincingly interpreted Nazism as an attempt to supply function and status as rewards, in place of economic gains. In his second, *The Future of Industrial Man*, he examined the rôle of function and status in the modern industrial society, with especial reference to its most representative institution, the large-scale manufacturing unit. Now, in his third book, he carries his line of thought a stage further by studying one particular industrial organisation —the group of factories operated in the U.S.A. by General Motors—in order to see how far it meets the schedule of requirements, as now envisaged.

While Mr. Drucker was approaching the subject with all the advantages of a coherent social philosophy and an invitation from General Motors to explore their organisation for eighteen months, two other individuals were groping for a solution in very different circumstances. Constance Reaveley was a University tutor in philosophy who was pitchforked into industry during the war and discovered to her dismay how frustrating and deadening industry could be. In co-operation with John Winnington, a qualified engineer who has worked his way up to a senior managerial position, she has tried to put her experience into orderly form, and to suggest remedies. It is highly significant that both parties put their fingers on precisely the same sore spots. Not surprisingly, however, Mr. Drucker's treatment is the more comprehensive. It is no reflection on Miss Reaveley's book to say that Mr. Drucker throws far more light on the underlying causes. The two books are complementary and may well be read in conjunction with one another.

Drucker, moreover, does not confine himself to the question: 'Does the big corporation fully meet the needs of the individual employee?' He also asks: 'Does it effectively serve its own purpose?' and 'Does it serve the purposes of society?' Taking General Motors as typical of the big corporation—though in point of fact it is abnormally large, abnormally enlightened, and abnormally well organised—he answers all three questions with a fervent 'Yes.'

He enables himself to reach this satisfactory conclusion by making some highly dubious basic assumptions. In particular, he accepts American materialism as a datum. The typical American is primarily interested in a high standard of living. The big manufacturing unit is the only thing which can give it him, so we must accept this unit and confine ourselves to minimising its disadvantages. That is the gist of his argument. Thus, while he is acute enough to observe that status is no longer defined in terms of skill and service to the community but solely in terms of money earned, and acute enough to see that this is a change for the worse since the new sort of status is open only to a minority of the labour force, yet he accepts this as inevitable and confines his constructive suggestions to discussing how promotion can be made less haphazard, and available to all employees on the basis of merit.

Mr. Drucker also sees, as does Constance

Reaveley, that the worker is far too often unaware of his function, i.e., of the relation of his own task to the work of the factory as a whole. He tells how output was improved during the war in a number of factories when the workers were shown the precise significance of the component they were making in the finished weapon of war. But he does not attempt to explain how the worker can be endowed with a satisfying sense of purpose when the product he is making is some inane 'luxury' or catchpenny specific.

Worst of all, Mr. Drucker attaches but little importance to the need for creative activity. He reluctantly admits that work on the assembly line is deadening and then proceeds to the most specious attempts to justify it. For instance, he defends it by saying that agricultural work is also monotonous (failing to see that it is nevertheless highly creative), that not many people work on the assembly line and, oddest of all, by the assertion that the opposite of monotony is insecurity. So busy is he resolving his own doubts that when he has a first-class argument he fails to exploit it. He discloses that during the war certain mass production jobs were rearranged so that unskilled workers could carry out the whole process of construction, from raw material to the finished article. If this is true, it is of enormous importance. If the creative element can be restored to mass production, then almost all the timeworn arguments against the assembly line collapse.

It is also astonishing to see Mr. Drucker asserting that the large production unit is necessarily more efficient than the small, when the most careful statistical studies have shown that correlation between size and efficiency varies from industry to industry and is often negative.

It is, however, when he tries to justify the big production unit in terms of society that Mr. Drucker goes furthest off his course. He goes so far as to say that *only* the large privately-owned productive unit is compatible with society's interests; in fact, he makes the bold claim that 'big business' must achieve society's ends, automatically, in the act of achieving its own—and that if it does not it must perish. He realises, of course, that no justification of 'big business' will hold water unless it can be shown that it can abolish unemployment. The proposals he makes to this end would have startled Lord Keynes, though they might be quite acceptable to Professor Hayek. It is difficult to believe that anyone can treat this thorny problem adequately in twenty-odd pages.

This stimulating but surprisingly muddled book may jerk people—and more particularly the big executives who are most likely to read it—into an appreciation of the social rôle of the big production unit. It should do valuable work.

THE AGE OF REASON

By Jean-Paul Sartre. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10s.

Existentialism, that gloomy cult which the recent war brought to the surface in Europe, has become something of a bore. Its uncritical supporters (of whom there are mercifully few in this country) and its equally uncritical detractors (of whom there are many) have combined to submerge any sober and objective evaluation of its merits. As existentialism's chief prophet, M. Jean-Paul Sartre has achieved a rather questionable renown, which has tended to obscure his more enduring merits: the artist suffers from the obtrusive dominance of the exponent of a fashionable cult.

But when all is said and done, one cannot but admire M. Sartre's unusual gifts as a literary craftsman. His versatility is astonishing. Philosophy, play-writing, literary and social criticism—he can turn his hand to any of these with equal facility—a rather treacherous facility, perhaps. *The Age of Reason* reveals him as a brilliant story-teller. As the first volume of a trilogy entitled *Les Chemins de la Liberté*, it is first and foremost an attempt to illustrate the existentialist doctrine of Freedom; but the plot in which this argument is embedded has something of the quality of a psychological thriller. Mathieu's forty-eight-hour odyssey in search of 5,000 francs to pay for an abortion (the spiritual crisis precipitated by his mistress's disclosure of her condition provides the story with its true *raison d'être*) has some of the excitement and tension of a Simenon novel. M. Sartre handles his material superbly. He has a natural flair for dialogue, an acute and subtle gift for the delineation of character, and a genius for evoking atmosphere—in this case the stifling, fear-ridden, guilt-laden atmosphere of the Paris of 1938. But though the quality of the writing is often exceptionally high, the existentialist jargon and the nauseous similes tend to pall, and the effect of the novel is weakened by its air of unrelieved gloom and squalor, which leaves a sour and depressing after-taste.

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Hans Zullig and Noelle de Mosa in Ballade, London 1935. From *The New Ballet: Kurt Jooss and his Work*, by A. V. Coton. *Dennis Dobson.* 35s.

THE STATE OF THE WORLD

By Adam de Hegedus. *Jonathan Cape.* 10s. 6d.

Most of the books that deal with the world's discontent are written by men who, if they do not suffer to some extent from a messianic delusion, at least burn with a righteous indignation. Less commonly such books are written by men who have given their lives to the study of the political and social conditions of human communities. Mr. de Hegedus is neither a political scholar nor a professional historian, and though in this volume he reviews the present state of the world at considerable length, he displays none of the burning zeal of the reformer, nor any righteous indignation, and gives hardly any sign that he may have a particular axe to grind. Indeed, he puts forward his views with such a cool, level detachment, that I found myself wondering where the emotional drive came from to enable him not only to begin such a formidable task, but also to see it through—but then I found myself yielding to a persuasiveness which is all the stronger because it is backed by objectivity.

The title of the book, however, is somewhat misleading. Those who expect a survey of the present on the scale of Mumford's *Condition of Man* will be disappointed. *The State of the World* is an examination of nationalism, in the author's own words, 'a short natural history of nationalism'.

It is difficult to write about such a concept as nationalism without making use of very wide generalities and very high abstractions. Mr. de Hegedus moves very freely among them; and the difficulty is to decide when the generalities are so wide as to be meaningless, and the abstractions so high as to be based on thin air. It is all very well to state that nationalism is the greatest universal evil because it is becoming more and more evident that it makes peace altogether impossible; but one feels that other writers have made exactly the same kind of statement about other 'isms', like capitalism, materialism and Communism.

Mr. de Hegedus is not habitually addicted to airy speculation; but it is a weakness of his to assume that the reader is already sympathetic enough to go rather more than half-way with him in accepting the premises upon which his main theory is based.

In his main argument there is not much that is new. The nation-state, he writes, is largely an accidental structure, its size being determined by geographical factors. The conquest of time and distance is gradually neutralising these geographical limitations, and the next step towards the integration of man into one world community will probably be the forming of Spheres of Interest by the more powerful nations. About the final step Mr. de Hegedus is silent.

The chief interest in the book for those who have already some familiarity with other works of this kind lies not in the main stream but in the tributaries of the argument. The chapter called 'The Alien Corn', for example, contains an exceedingly acute analysis of the psychology of both the assimilated and the unassimilated Jew. For those who are unfamiliar with the ramifications of a problem which is generally too easily dismissed, this book provides a stimulating and informative introduction.

HUNTER DIACK

THE DREAM OF DESCARTES

By Jacques Maritain. *Poetry London.* 7s. 6d.

M. Maritain, with Croce and Santayana, is the most artistically conscious and the most human of modern philosophers. The extreme subtlety of his analyses and the cogent readability of his writing are allied to a sharpness and irony of thought which make him, as the most important protagonist of contemporary French philosophy, perhaps the greatest force in the evaluation of the European philosophical tradition.

In his latest, admirably produced book, he offers as a substitute for the longer comprehensive work on Descartes that lack of leisure has prevented him from producing, five essays, four of which have previously appeared as lectures or articles as far back as 1922, and one of which—the chapter on the Cartesian Proofs of God—has been specially written for this volume. The whole is, as one expects of M. Maritain, a brilliant exercise in logic, affirming at once the historical significance of the Cartesian philosophy and at the same time exposing its inadequacies. It is a reiteration of the blow delivered a little previously by Gilson, in his *Le Réalisme Méthodique*, in which he wrote, as M. Maritain quotes in his preface: 'The Cartesian experiment was an admirable metaphysical undertaking, bearing the hallmark of genius; we owe it a great deal, for having brilliantly proven that any experiment of that nature is doomed ahead of time to failure. . . .'

With this in mind, M. Maritain has described the dream of 10 November 1619, a dream which Descartes regarded as being entirely supernatural, in which he had revealed to him, through what seems now rather ambiguous symbols, the path his philosophy was to follow. It is not surprising that the revelation of the circumstances of the dream—in Baillet's *Life of Descartes*—caused eyebrows to be raised, for a supernatural experience is hardly the expected way for a rationalist philosophy to be conceived.

However, it is not the experience but the interpretation of it that is fascinating and M. Maritain in his chapter on it discusses very adequately its most important results—its idealism (the connections between thought and being), its rationalism (the intellectual hierarchy and the meaning of knowledge), and its concept of Man.

It is not possible to go into M. Maritain's exposition in a short review, but his final chapter on the Cartesian heritage, in which he examines Descartes and Pascal and relates his whole reasoning and purposes in destroying the Cartesian spirit—for giving anthropotheism 'its letters of credit'—is a magnificent piece of pragmatic thinking. He finishes with this paragraph: 'Perhaps it would be advantageous for Russian philosophy to do for Hegel—as well as for English and American philosophy to do for John Locke—what I have tried to do for Descartes. In any case, I beg the good reader to believe that if Cartesianism has been the French sin in modern history, things other than this sin have been at work in French thought.'

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GRIERSON ON DOCUMENTARY

Edited by Forsyth Hardy. *Collins.* 16s.

In 1929 the silent film was reaching maturity after thirty-three years of vexatious growing pains. Suddenly it was howled off the screen by the maddening moans of an infant monster. The 'talkie' had arrived. Plots and players became rooted to the studio floors. The camera was tied to the microphone, the 'motion' went out of 'motion pictures' and the art of Cinema was paralysed. The novelty-seeking public demanded 'all-talking, all-singing' and preferably Al Jolson films that screamed slobbering sentiment. Talkies were billed as 'The Celluloid Sensation of the Century'. Film-makers threw aside every worthwhile thing they had learned and pandered to the public's peculiar preference for pandemonium.

But in 1929 an unknown Scot was busy laying the foundations of a new type of film which he called Documentary. His name was Grierson and he had no intention of pandering to anyone. Whether the screen talked or not, whether the audience preferred jazz-singers to wise-cracking detectives, meant little to him. He was interested only in telling factual stories about actual people. His first film, 'Drifters', gave the screen fresh values. There he showed that there was more drama in the fishing boats and their battle against the elements than there was in 'cops and robbers'; more excitement in the life of an ordinary fisherman than in any 'rags to riches' tale of Broadway. Encouraged by Stephen Tallents of the Empire Marketing Board and later with him at the G.P.O., he gathered around him men of a like mind, men who wanted to make films serve an important social purpose irrespective of profit. Paul Rotha, Elton, Wright, Taylor, Anstey, Watt, Golightly, Legg and others, according to Grierson, were 'men who preferred the dog biscuits of Documentary to the fleshpots of Elstree.' They became the leaders of the British Documentary movement which is now recognised throughout the world as the one form of film-making at which Britain excels. Their work has had immense significance. Apart from the success of pure Documentary films, their influence has contributed more than any other factor to the growing success of British commercial films. 'Millions Like Us', 'The Way to the Stars', 'The Way Ahead' and many others, including this year's finest feature 'The Overlanders', all owe a great deal to the Documentary technique. It will be a sad day for the British film industry when that fact is forgotten.

Buildings are ornate in exclusive Khatmandu. From *All Over the World* (50 Years of Travel), by Colonel P. T. Etherton. *John Long.* 18s.

Forsyth Hardy has collected the most important writings of Grierson which were scattered in various periodicals published over the last eighteen years. We are indebted to him. Any reader interested in Cinema will find this book stimulating reading. At times he may be surprised to find himself forgetting that the book concerns Cinema and realising that for several pages he has been studying powerful prose on subjects which seem quite unrelated to films. DUNCAN ROSS

HARVEST ADVENTURE

J. Wentworth Day. *Harrap.* 12s. 6d.

In his latest farming book Mr. Wentworth Day deals with many aspects and problems of country ways and life. His love of the countryside and its sports (wildfowling in particular) is probably equalled only by his hatred for the War Agricultural Executive Committees. Although Mr. Day owns a few hundred acres, he does not farm them. When he admits this to the 'oldest farmer in England', 95-year-old Mr. Bird, the latter remarks dryly: 'They that farm the least write the most . . .'

With his pen Mr. Day flails the Committees' officials, denounces most as 'rural Himmlers', and feels that they should depart forthwith so that liberty be restored to the land. Not all will share the author's opinions. Many small farmers were ruined in the grim times between the wars when the prices of stock and crops dropped so low that they would not cover production costs. Considerable numbers of those who survived dread any return to the old haphazard marketing methods.

But few will quarrel with Mr. Day's descriptions of England's ancient manors, abbeys and halls; or of the lovely villages of Norfolk or Suffolk. Despite a florid style, lush with epithets, such pen pictures are always knowledgeable and often charming. JOHN NIVEN

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By Sir William Beach Thomas. *Michael Joseph.* 10s. 6d.

'Wonder and wisdom,' says Sir William Beach Thomas, 'belong to the country, criticism and knowledge to the town; and knowledge has small value compared with wisdom.' Sir William is not without the power of criticism (especially where modern poetry is concerned) and can hardly be said to lack knowledge, but it is his deep and abiding delight in the English countryside, and the wise philosophy of life that long communion with nature has brought, that give his writings their value and charm.

This, his latest book, has the twofold theme of love of country and the anatomy of happiness, but the two are so linked that they are really one. Sir William is not of the mediævalist, William Morris school (whose most notable modern exponent is Mr. H. J. Massingham) which sees the sole hope for a happy and free England in a return to rural craftsmanship for all and the elimination of the machine. This, he rightly points out, is an attractive but quite impossible creed. He realises, too, that it is very easy to be falsely sentimental about village life, and that 'poverty and hardship can obliterate joy more completely perhaps in country than in town.' Nevertheless, he believes that even with bad conditions there is generally to be found in the rural worker a deep delight in the country scene and a sense of completeness rarely to be seen in his fellow worker in the town. For the townsman, of course, the country is a perpetual source of refreshment and invigoration, and it is the city dweller, harassed by daily conditions, who will extract the greatest enjoyment from these pages.

This is a soothing and comforting book rather than one that startles by a provocative statement or out-of-the-way quotation (though it may send many on a feverish hunt for a volume of Traherne's poems). But comfort and familiarity are not necessarily qualities to be despised, especially today.

MORNING LIGHT

By H. M. Tomlinson. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 9s. 6d.

It is many years since I casually took out from a public library a book called *Tidemarks*, to find it an enchanting book which set me hunting feverishly for others by this hitherto unknown H. M. Tomlinson. Not until later, and after I had gulped down *The Sea and the Jungle*, did I learn that others older and wiser than myself had long proclaimed this author as one of the finest prose writers of his time.

St. Clement Danes. From *The Lost Treasures of London. Phoenix House.* 12s. 6d.

Mr. Tomlinson's latest work is a novel set in the Britain of a hundred years ago; and here once more is the word-magic of those early books and their successors. The novel is not his happiest form of expression, and this tale of young Dave Gay, who runs away to sea in the days when steam was beginning to compete with sail, has its weaknesses. There is a looseness of structure which tends to make the book a series of episodes rather than a continuous whole; and Dave is too shadowy for a central character. But these faults are swamped by its solid merits. What living author can describe with such skill the 'feel' of the sea to those who sail it, or can convey so vividly the atmosphere on shipboard, whether square-rigged or steam-driven? Read the description of Dave's voyage across the Atlantic in the emigrant ship and you will see that the old hand has lost none of its cunning. Mr. Tomlinson's descriptive powers are not confined to the sea; his picture of the East End of London, Minories way, is a grand painting in words. And though Dave may be indefinite in outline, there is nothing hazy about most of the supporting characters. Mr. Tomlinson's admirers will find much delight in this novel.

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Poetry

LIVING IN TIME

By Kathleen Raine. *Poetry London.* 6s.

THE INVISIBLE SUN

By Margaret Willy. *Chaterson.* 3s. 6d.

POEMS OF DELIVERANCE

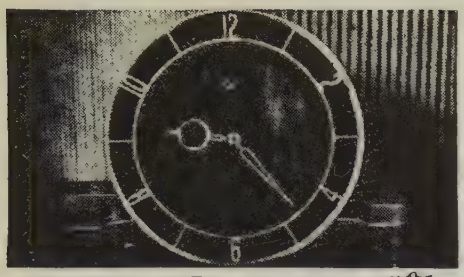
By A. L. Rowse. *Faber & Faber.* 7s. 6d.

REVIEWED BY ALAN ROSS

There is an interesting essay to be written on the growing influence of mysticism, and especially Catholicism, on the literature and propaganda of our time—an influence which has already extended to the screen and to the theatre. Its protagonists are nearly all converts, and where they have been artists, the whole tone of their work has been coloured by their new belief, so much so that they have deliberately dehumanised the *catholic* element of their artistic approach—Huxley, Isherwood, Graham Greene, Maugham and Waugh among the novelists, Auden, Gascoyne and Kathleen Raine among contemporary poets. It seems to me that in this list only Graham Greene and David Gascoyne have not diminished in stature as a result of this religious preoccupation. This is only by way of statement, not of criticism, for a critic's concern is with literary values and not with the validity of personal moral concepts. But Miss Raine's new book of poems gives the statement emphasis. Her first book, *Stone and Flower*, in its general sensitivity, the passionate and lyrical quality of the love poems, and in its assurance of technique, was one of the most striking first books published by a woman writer in our century. In *Living in Time* Miss Raine has surrendered her personality to the exploration of the Infinite, and to wonderment at what she has found. There is hardly a poem in it which is not religious in theme and which is not an affirmation in itself of the Christian faith. Miss Raine follows, albeit a little more chastely, in the path of Donne. However, I cannot but feel that the poems in this new book are less exciting and somehow less human and moving than the personal conflict and private suffering of her earlier lyrics. But she remains a poet of quality, and there are a number of extremely successful poems—Four poems of 'Mary Magdalene', 'Prayer', 'The Crystal Skull' (II), 'Ecce Homo'—which re-affirms her position and which, in the way she has chosen to follow, may be precursors of some of the best religious poetry of our time.

The other two books under review are not of similar quality. Miss Willy has the same preoccupations as Miss Raine, but of a more facile order. Her poems are conventional and rather naïvely nostalgic pieces on commonplace literary themes. They are competently written but on a very minor scale and Miss Willy seems to have ignored the technical innovations in poetry since Browning—a defect which, often wrongly praised as being 'traditional' (in point of fact it is quite the opposite), prevents her poems from ever attaining any urgency or excitement; and the conventional nature of her imagery and outlook do not offer a substitute for a lack of individuality and vision. Yet occasionally a poem comes off and in 'Lament for Heloise' and 'The Kiss' there are indications of something more worth while.

Of Mr. Rowse's latest book of poems, the kindest thing I can say is that I liked his first. In that, his natural feeling for place and the musical quality of his inspiration produced a number of excellent descriptive lyrics. Mr. Rowse has a beautiful speaking voice and reads poetry extremely well, and I cannot understand how he has betrayed his natural talents into writing these haphazardly-constructed, very prosy poems which read like unfinished notes, instead of the often moving, fresh and correctly formed work in *Poems of a Decade*. For whenever he abjures rhyme, Mr. Rowse seems to get hopelessly lost and the majority of *Poems of Deliverance* could have well been written out in rather uninspired prose.



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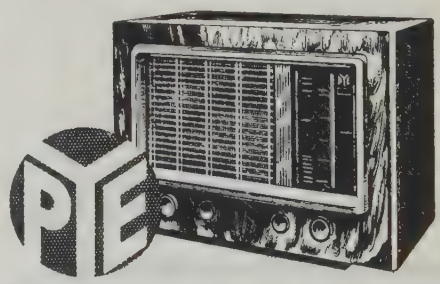

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OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

Henry Wallace

In Henry Wallace the inner difficulties of what might have remained a private drama have become an international problem. He is a man trying earnestly to deal with a world which is too much for him, and like many another he is cracking under the strain. For public life in our epoch is a fearful ordeal, particularly for those who cannot shut their eyes and stop their ears, who are aware, as he is, that the issues are life and death.

As long as Henry Wallace was protected, led, guided and disciplined, he was a good and faithful public servant. There was interposed between him and the crisis of our times the strength of Roosevelt's personality, the support of the institutions of the government, the organisation of his party. But when he had to face the realities of our time directly, on his own, and had to find within himself the intellectual resources to decide the issues and the emotional steadfastness and stability to endure responsibility, the reality was too much for him.

He has not been able to take it. He has fled from it, has fled from equal debate, from tedious persuasion, from the laborious give and take of politics and administration to the comforting applause of coteries, to the development of a cult, and to making himself a sacrificial offering for the sins of the world.

The more furious the hubbub he creates, the more he provokes a persecution of which he can believe himself to be the martyr, the greater his inner certitude that he is right.

The reason why Roosevelt and his closest advisers decided against re-nominating him for Vice-President in 1944 was that these tendencies were already evident then. He was known to be too soft for a hard world, and disposed, because he could not grapple with reality, to eccentric action, and to mixing up unpredictably truths, half-truths, myths, panaceas, nostrums, and quackery.

Thus he has told the people of Europe that the United States is committed to a ruthless imperialism and war with the Soviet Union. That is not true, and it is a cruel falsehood to tell Europe that this is the posture of the United States. The truth is that the American people are in the midst of an immense discussion as to how they can play their unprecedented rôle amidst unprecedented difficulties and dangers.

In that discussion Mr. Wallace has not ventured to confront face to face, as he could have by appearing before the Congressional committees, the advocate of the policies which he opposes. He has fled from the reality of direct discussion to uttering his views by radio, in his magazine, and at mass meetings in England —anywhere but in places where he would have had to debate them seriously with his own countrymen.

WALTER LIPPMAN
in *New York Herald Tribune*

Eleanor Roosevelt

Representing the U.S. at the United Nations is the most important but only the first of Mrs. Roosevelt's activities. Her colossal daily schedule of talks, conferences and personal appearances is a reasonably successful attempt to realise her once expressed wish to be in two places at the same time. She has even had to abandon individual responses to her 200 to 400 daily letters in favour of discussions in her column. *My Day* continues, of course, in 75 papers six days a week.

The inheritance of her Uncle Theodore's boundless energy only partly explains Mrs. Roosevelt. She is a more complicated person than she appears or perhaps understands. Her airtight façade of graciousness and poise is the end product of a long and difficult personal

history. Obstacles and frustrations which would have driven a lesser woman into querulous self-pity drove her into greatness.

The conquest of these private frustrations was a triumph of character, a sheer and terrifying act of will. It produced her strength and serenity and invincible charm. At a recent dinner in Washington, when unsentimental Leon Henderson laid aside his big cigar and presented her as 'still the First Lady—in love and beauty', there was hardly a dry eye in a hard-boiled house.

Life

Norwegian Press Today

THERE are today 200 newspapers in Norway with a total circulation of about 1,500,000. The number of newspapers is rather less than before the war. The circulation, on the other hand, has doubled. The enormous increase in circulation is a direct result of the war when Norway was cut off from much that was going on in the free world. It has given the newspapers a sounder economic foundation.

In Norway there has never been a tendency to form newspaper trusts. As far as is known, no newspaper has a financial interest in any other newspaper. The smaller newspapers are often owned by the editor or printer. Others are run by companies formed to promote some ideal rather than to make money. The great majority of newspapers have had a hard struggle for existence.

Whilst most newspapers have definite political affiliations, only the Labour papers are declared organs of their party. The Norwegian Labour Party has forty newspapers owned on a joint basis by individuals and organisations within the working-class movement. They are all operated independently.

The Conservative newspaper *Aftenposten* has the largest circulation, about 150,000. At the beginning of the century its circulation was only 15,000, but even then it had the largest sale. The Labour *Arbeiderbladet* and the Liberal *Dagbladet* come next, with circulations between 60,000 and 70,000, whilst the Conservative *Morgenposten* has 60,000. Other newspapers published in Oslo are the business paper *Norges Handels og Sjöfartstidende*, the non-party *Verdens Gang*, the Communist *Friheten*, the agrarian *Nationen*, and the Christian-popular *Vårt Land*.

Most of the newspapers are sold on a regular subscription. *Dagbladet* is the only one with a large casual sale in the kiosks.

Norwegian Press Bulletin

'Consistency, Thou Art a Jewel'

THE difficulties in the way of effecting a workable arrangement between this country and the Soviet Union are frequently apparent, but nowhere more so than in connection with a series of invitations extended to eminent Russians in recent months, with a view to promoting better cultural understanding between the United States and the U.S.S.R. No reply has been received to any of these invitations.

Marshal Stalin was quoted by Elliott Roosevelt as saying when Elliott was in Moscow that he would welcome the exchange of cultural and scientific information between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. Yet when efforts are made on this side of the Atlantic to promote such exchanges, no answer is forthcoming.

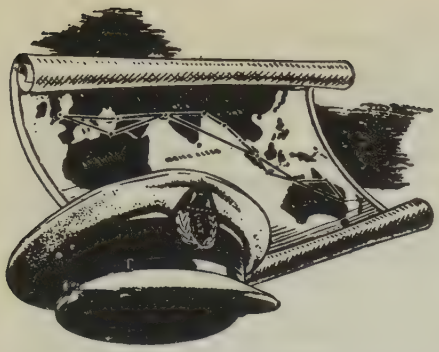
The *Christian Century*, interdenominational Protestant weekly published in Chicago, comments on this phenomenon, and expresses some mystification over the attitude of the Kremlin and its subjects. The magazine declares that, in the past three or four months, the following invitations have been dispatched to the Soviets, but that not one single answer has been received to any of them:

Offers for a 'tour of Russia by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its own expense; for building a penicillin plant in Russia and an exchange of medical scientists in this field; an invitation to Russian scholars to participate in the Princeton bicentennial; invitations to Soviet professors to lecture in America for the Rockefeller Foundation; to the Soviet ballet company from the Metropolitan Opera; to the conductor of the Leningrad Philharmonic to be guest conductor at Boston. Requests have been sent by a Yale Professor to be allowed to co-operate with Soviet geologists in research and by the Surgeon-General of the United States Public Health Service that American doctors be permitted to study Russian medical research methods.'

It is impossible to doubt the authenticity of the foregoing, for General W. Bedell Smith, United States Ambassador in Moscow, has confirmed it all in a letter to the State Department. Yet no explanation of any sort has been forthcoming from the Kremlin.

If Marshal Stalin really told Elliott Roosevelt what Elliott quoted him as saying concerning his desire for cultural and scientific exchanges between the countries, he might now explain to the world why his statements and his actions are so directly in conflict with one another.

From the *Richmond, Va., Times-Dispatch*



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One was that the 'bad Press barons' spent their time trying to exploit the public.

It would be a pity in a way to destroy that myth because he thought it would be discovered that the Press Lords were not half as exciting as they were thought to be. It would be found they were just people trying to do their best and that would not be half as exciting as the idea that they were wicked people, which, of course, they were not.

Another myth that would be exposed would be advertiser influence.

'I think the Royal Commission can do a lot of good work in educating the public in what the Press consists of, and providing it does not interfere with the freedom of the Press, it can do no harm at all.' *The Newspaper World*

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WE have seen today that a very large part of the national income is taken by the government through taxation and is disposed of again in a variety of ways; and that there is a great variety of taxes by means of which the government gets the money. We have noted that the redistribution of some part of the national wealth (which, of course, means the wealth of individuals) through taxation is now accepted as one of the social purposes for which the instrument of taxation can rightly be used. We have now to examine more closely this matter of the purposes of taxation, and the effects and principles of taxation. It will not be easy going, for in these modern days it has become a very complicated affair. But it is also an affair which closely concerns every citizen; and if there is one lesson to be learnt from the experience of our own and other countries, it is that consistent principles and harmonised purposes in taxation policy are absolutely essential in the modern State. A country which has not got these, or which does not keep to them, must expect a great deal of social and economic trouble.

'Why Pay Taxes?'
(*Bureau of Current Affairs*)

There is a Difference

IF Communists may be banned and ousted from Federal Civil Service, as the Supreme Court has just ruled, is it not logical to deny them also the right to run for elective office, as Secretary of Labour Lewis B. Schwellenbach urges?

To our way of thinking, two quite different situations and sets of problems are involved.

An elective office rests upon a mandate of the people. The voters should be free to scrutinise, and to choose or reject, any candidates and platforms which conform to established democratic electoral procedures, even if they challenge accepted American institutions. In the rough-and-tumble of a political campaign, and the hostile watchfulness of would-be successors, Communists find it difficult to run for or to hold elective office under cover. The Civil Servant's road to a job runs through no such merciless test. He is hired not out of any debate on public policy but presumably because of certain skills. Here the Communist can enter under cover more easily. Here his desire to overthrow the system is especially intolerable because it is hidden. *Christian Science Monitor*

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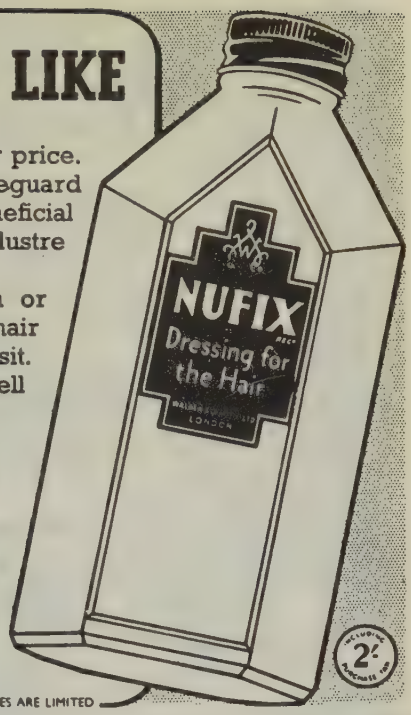

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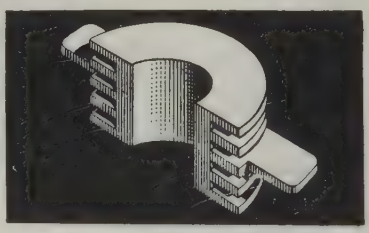

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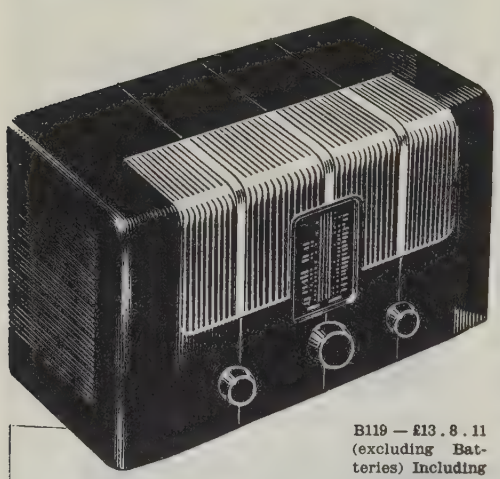

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C.R.C. 218

The British Commonwealth

If the ideals of the British Commonwealth are ever to be really achieved, there are two vital problems to be overcome: first, the gap between diverse racial elements in communities must be closed; second, the British public must become really aware of the Empire and make a proper contribution towards its progress.

India, on the brink of self-government, drew several observations from the speaker. 'I think history will say of the Indian Civil Service that the effects of what it did in India can be summed up under three heads: (1) it gave personal security and liberty; (2) it established justice; (3) the Pax Britannica did act as a unifying force. Out of that has grown an utterly new conception of India as an entity.'

Asking whether the British system was the way to achieve co-operation and unity between elements in a society which were fundamentally diverse, he raised the question as to how we were to implement the pledge of progress towards self-government in the case of plural societies. 'If you do not achieve a degree of co-operation there is no hope for such a society to progress towards a self-government that means anything,' he warned.

He described Ceylon, Kenya and Malaya as presenting three different plural society problems, and remarked how the moment the withdrawal of the Crown started in 'plural society countries', trouble started.

The dual task of cementing races together and fostering progress towards self-government called for consummate statesmanship. First, there was always the problem of the vocal handful and the illiterate masses; secondly, there was no hope of closing the gap between diverse elements unless we gave each of them security for their own cultural, economic and social lives and, in the end, their own political aspirations.

Concluding, Professor Harlow said that the British Commonwealth was a vast laboratory for that central problem regarding understanding and co-operation between white and brown, between white and black, and between brown and black. 'Isn't it time the citizens of this country woke up to that fact?' he asked. 'Isn't it time they became aware of it and made their contribution?'

Crown Colonist

Much more than you think! 66 lb. is the free baggage allowance on all Speedbird routes, plus what you carry—overcoat, magazines and books. Here is how your 66 lb. might be made up. A big lightweight case (weighing about 6½ lb.) in which you can pack, say, the following 39½ lb. of clothing: lounge suit—tweeds and flannels or dinner jacket—2 tropical suits—3 pairs shoes—16 shirts—and all you need in the way of pyjamas, underclothes, and etceteras. This leaves about 20 lb. for toilet kit and extras in a small nightstop case. In fact, for you, sir, 66 lb. means all you want for a month's world air travel. For you, madam, because of your much lighter clothing, more than enough of everything.

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*Only the name is fictitious

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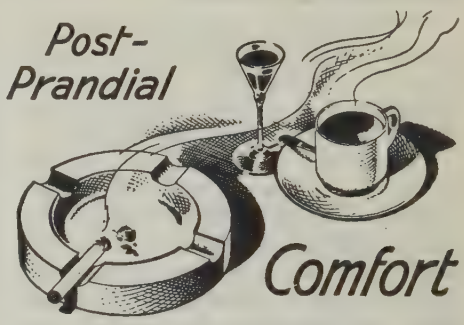


If, time and temperament permitting, you follow counsels of perfection—such as avoiding dishes known to disagree with you, and you eat slowly . . . masticating thoroughly . . . and do not mix drinks with food . . . then indigestion should rarely trouble you . . . but if, and when, haste, hospitality, or sheer conviviality result in post-prandial discomfort, you can always turn to 'Dr. Jenner's' for quick relief. Introduced by Dr. Jenner, of vaccination fame, this proved specific for Digestive Disorders has been increasingly recommended for five generations.

1/5 and 3/4½, from Chemists, or send a post card for Literature and Sample to: Savory & Moore, Ltd. (Dept. S.B.) 143 New Bond Street, London, W.1

Dr. JENNER'S
ABSORBENT LOZENGES

Convincing Proof ?

Two apports—one of a small cross with chain and the other a small beaded butterfly—were very tangible evidence of spirit presences at the Great Metropolitan Spiritualist Association in Canvey Island on Easter Sunday.

The apports came in the light during a trance address through Mrs. Joan Mackenzie.

Mr. A. C. Butcher, the secretary of the Association, writes that these spirit gifts had special significance to the sitters—one of them, a father, used to describe his spirit daughter when on earth as his 'butterfly girl' and says that the apport was the most convincing proof of his daughter's identity he had ever received.

Psychic News

Routine by Stimulation

There are clocks everywhere, and bells with their own particular type of chime announce the various activities. At the Maganwadi Ashram the hour's silent spinning is punctuated by the shriek of a particularly powerful alarm clock, when the roll call begins and finally when the spinning comes to an end. Thus activities, which in any other institution would become matters of dead routine, are charged with a constant significance. The students and trainees are alike ceaselessly made aware of the importance of the ordinary pattern of daily living and kept continually on edge checking up on their punctuality and their sense of organisation. This provides a constant barrage against the apathy and 'let's put it off till tomorrow' attitude that chokes so much well-intentioned effort in India.

India and the World

Some Dame!

The shape of her face is attenuated as an El Greco. She has the most luminous skin imaginable and only Velasquez could paint her colouring on canvas. Her mouth is like that of the fascinating Madame Arnoux in Flaubert's novel, *Education Sentimentale*. She has the gentleness, the poise, and the dignity of one of those *grandes dames* whom Balzac described in his *Comédie Humaine*. As for her clothes, instead of merely wearing them, she carries them.

Vogue

Future of India

PREDICTIONS as to what will, or must, occur by June of next year are without end, and most of them are definite and affrighting. Upon one all-important point there would seem to be no positive differences of opinion in India. The Government's hope that the proclamation itself and the fixed date made the one and only means of shocking the party leaders into co-operative action, and so of opening the road to communal settlement, is recognised as illusory. The plain statement that the transfer of power has been determined, and that it will be made either to one Government or to several, plays directly into the hands of the Moslem League. Its Ministers remain in the Interim Government and the rejection of the Constituent Assembly is again confirmed. India becomes an unlimited arena for power manœuvres. And since the June event is to be accompanied by a complete evacuation of the British Army, the ensuing stage cannot fail to be filled with conflict and suffering. From Noakhali to Peshawar the horrors of recent months have foreshadowed what may prove to be an apocalypse of anguish on a scale past imagining. We cannot doubt that educated India is unaware of the measureless tragedy that seems to be impending. But nothing appears to be more certain than that they conceive it to be ineluctable destiny. India is to be freed from alien domination; and the price must be paid.

Contemporary Review

United States of Europe

IT is plain that Soviet Russia is absolutely opposed to any form of European federation not directly controlled by herself, for, rightly or wrongly, she regards such schemes as directed against her. Moreover, she is able to call on Communist support throughout Europe. We have seen that, even in countries where Communists have not got a controlling voice, such as in the Netherlands, Sweden, Norway and Denmark, it has been made sufficiently clear that, for the present at any rate, the Governments concerned do not appear willing to participate in any form of European federation. Unless, therefore, an economic incentive can be provided that is strong enough to outweigh the existing political obstacles, or until changed political circumstances cause the removal of these obstacles, there seems little likelihood of the realisation of a United States of Europe.

World Affairs

Spanish Gold

THE Spanish gold which is being flown to this country 'in tons' worth 'millions of pounds' is, alas, a fiction. It is presumably a near relative of the castle which General Franco was building in Ireland. Indeed it seems to be a fact that people will believe any nonsense about Spain provided it is somehow discreditable to the present régime.

The one point that may have suggested the credibility of the report of gold is that several shipments of silver were made last summer to the same banking house.

Spain

News from Canada

IN Brandon, Man., Thomasine Hunter lost a wallet. Ultimately it was returned containing ten dollars more than it did prior to its loss.

* * *

A Toronto paper announces that Roza Brown, fabulous Northern Ontario pioneer reputed to be worth 'at least a million', died 'PROCESSED of less than $40,000.' No details of the process were given.

* * *

Canadian Press reports from Toronto that diaper material is the latest item to appear on the Black Market. Ernest Adams, who operates a diaper service, says that though flannelette is hard to get on the open market, he had been offered thousands of yards at 40 cents per yard, twice the legal price.

* * *

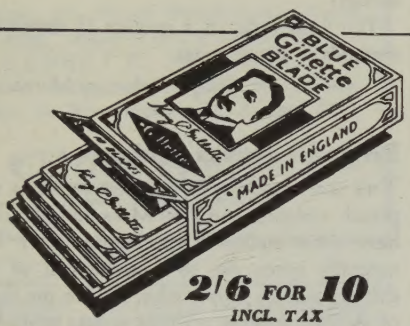
Fire-chief William Fitzgerald, of Seattle, explains the psychology of fire victims by saying that a man's first reaction is to put on his trousers, while that of a woman is to first call the fire department and then seize her purse. With reference to the ladies, the chief says: 'It's a real pleasure to rescue them.'

* * *

A beaver, recently arrived in London for a permanent stay as a guest of the Zoo, was evidently not accustomed to putting up with the British housing situation, so decided to search out a home of his own choosing. He left the Zoo and was last seen swimming in the Regent's Canal towards Baker Street. The Ministry of Town and Country Planning may have one or two things to say if he decides to start building operations in the Serpentine.

Canada's Weekly

Gillette steel is of glass-cutting hardness!



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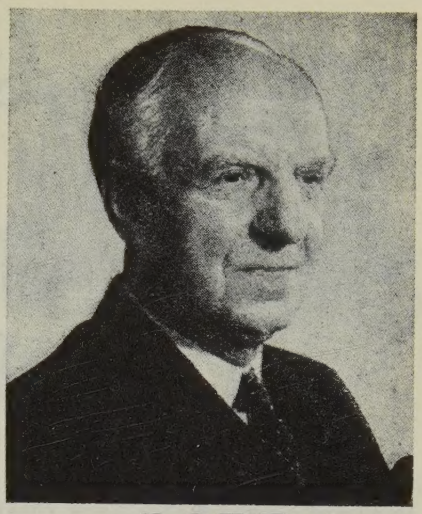
Hard, electrically tempered steel of the most exacting specification. Long - lasting, 3 - facet edges sharper than a surgeon's scalpel. Grinding, honing and stropping on micro-sensitive machines. All are features pioneered by Gillette — but even more convincing will be your first delightfully quick, good-looking Gillette shave. After the third or fourth you'll realise they're economical too!

'Good Mornings' begin with Gillette

FAMOUS MEN PLEAD HUMANITY'S CAUSE



LORD WOOLTON

writes:

"Cancer is the disease most universally dreaded to-day. For years able and devoted men and women have sought by Research to find its cause and its cure. Constantly success in this noble endeavour seems to be just round the corner. The Royal Cancer Hospital needs the money to maintain this fight and, meanwhile, it seeks to bring relief to the suffering. British people, ever kindly in their sentiments, will not withhold their help to this great hospital—which never fails to help those who appeal to it."

Please send a Gift to the Treasurer

The Royal Cancer Hospital
(FREE)
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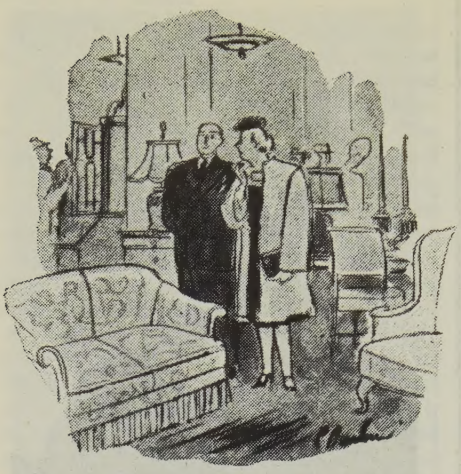

'Just one thing—when my husband gets here it will be best not to call it a love seat' NEW YORKER

Filling a Gap!

To Gossard, Ltd., is due the credit for having produced the book for which the whole corset world has been waiting—a *History of the Corset*. The number of inquiries received at the *Corsetry and Underwear* office for 'a book about corsetry' has left us in no doubt that a great need has been felt for such a book, and now Gossard Ltd. have filled the gap with double efficiency, for they have added to their history—which starts with the Minoan civilisation of 2500 to 1000 B.C.—a Manual of Instruction, specially written for corsetières, which begins with simple studies in anatomy and physiology, the muscular system and the bone structure, goes on to describe the numerous materials used in corset manufacture, and finishes up with lessons on fitting and salesmanship.

Corsetry and Underwear

Specialisation!

RESEARCH IN THE PHYSIOLOGY OF LEARNING.—An opportunity has arisen for the appointment of a RESEARCH WORKER to investigate the mechanism of LEARNING in various animals, and in the first instance in OCTOPUS . . . The appointment will be for three years in the first instance, and the salary £600–£800 per annum, according to age and experience . . .

Advt. in the *Spectator*, London

Propaganda?

THE setting up of the Royal Commission on the Press will be widely welcomed as an earnest of the Government's intention to respond to the popular desire that the ownership and methods of the newspapers should be fully investigated. . . . Ever since . . . the new form of journalism there has been . . . a growing use of newspapers as engines of propaganda at the cost of honest reporting . . . News is always subjected to political selection: it is often adulterated.

How can the situation be otherwise when . . . newspapers are . . . in the hands of individuals whose irresponsibility is matched only by their wealth?

The Press today is a menace to democratic methods of government.

Daily Worker, 27 March 1947

Progress *versus* Violence

THE worst enemies of progress are those who preach violence, and Karl Marx and his school have done endless harm because they have naturally given rise to a movement of self-defence among people who, but for the threats of violence and the realities, would never have wanted to take up any strong political position. Just as it is a sign of good health if you never think about your health, it is a sign of a healthy society not to be preoccupied with politics.

DOUGLAS WOODRUFFE

Ambitious First Lady

DOÑA MARIA EVA DUARTE DE PERÓN is cashing in rapidly on her position as Argentina's 'First Lady'. Already a newspaper publisher and part owner of a newsreel company, the President's wife recently registered 'El Peronismo' as a brand name under which she will sell 'medical, surgical, mathematical, scientific, and veterinary instruments and supplies', and 'Tribuna Peronista' as a trademark for 'products of agriculture, horticulture, floriculture, and arboriculture'.

World Report

Resigned to What?

RESIGNED young lady with reliable references desires work by day or week. RI 7191.

Advt. in the *Buffalo Evening News*

A Green Field is Heaven

to poor slum mothers and children living, amidst strain, in our cities and towns.

The Church Army is doing all it can this Summer to give as many as possible a much-needed rest and change in the country or by the sea. Your help will be welcomed.

Cheques, etc., crossed 'Barclays, a/c Church Army' should be sent to Prebendary HUBERT H. TREACHER, General Secretary and Head, The Church Army, 55 Bryanston Street, London, W.1

CHURCH ARMY

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SELLY OAK, BIRMINGHAM, JULY 24–31

Subject: What is the Critical Problem in Human Relationships To-day ?

Chairman: E. Graham Howe. Speakers will include Sir Stafford Cripps, Sir Richard Livingstone, Professor M. L. Oliphant, Professor Wilson Knight, Dr. J. H. Oldham, Herbert Read, George Dickson, M. Chaning-Pearce.

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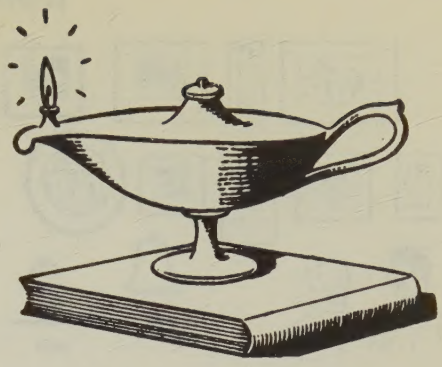

"In the present state of medical knowledge . . ."

"The important thing is that it *does* work, though we may not know exactly *why*." Often you will hear the wise and candid doctor of today make a remark like this about Penicillin, or the Sulphonamides, those great new discoveries of medical science. And about an old discovery as well—'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic. Opinions differ as to exactly *why* the special combination which is only found in 'Sanatogen' works wonders with exhausted nerves: but there is no difference of opinion about the fact that it does.

'SANATOGEN'

Regd. Trade Mark

NERVE TONIC

In one size only at present—
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10 A 'GENATOSAN' Product

'My wife and I take turns choosing the pictures'
SATURDAY REVIEW

Glass House?

RECEIVING permission from the Ministry to proceed with the building of a factory designed to employ disabled Servicemen, the Southgate Rotary Club find it accompanied by the provision that 'no bricks, steel or wood' is used in the construction.

Palmers Green and Southgate Gazette

Priority!

THE other day I went out to post an important business letter, and, being anxious that it should reach its destination by a certain time, asked a postman who happened to be standing by what chance there was. His reply was: 'Is it to Littlewoods?' I asked what difference that made. He replied, 'Pools have priority.'

Letter in the *Manchester Guardian*

Goods Train

THE Maharaja of Gwalior, India, owns one of the costliest railroad trains in existence. Made of silver and operated by electricity, it travels slowly around the great dining table in the royal palace during meals with its dozen trucks loaded with fruits, nuts, condiments and wines, automatically stopping momentarily before each plate.

Irish News

Dusty Answer

'Is it true, mummy, that when we are born we are made of dust and when we die we go to dust?'

'Yes, dear.'

'Well, there's somebody either coming or going under the spare-room bed.'

The Countryman, Kingham

Lucky Escape!

A WELL-KNOWN lawyer, celebrated for his tightness, had to undergo a course of treatment for a minor ailment. When his bill was handed to him, he was outraged. 'Great Scott! doctor,' he bellowed, 'what an awful bill for one week's treatment.'

The doctor looked him over with a frown. 'My dear fellow,' he assured his patient, 'if you knew what an interesting case yours was, and how strongly I was tempted to let go to a post-mortem, you wouldn't grumble at a bill three times as big as this.'

Cape Town Herald

Over-exposed

SALLY RAND, fan dancer, tangled with the police again, this time in New York, where they refused to issue her a cabaret employee's card. Assistant Corporation Counsel, Leonard Katlin put it this way: 'A strip teaser has some clothes on to take off. Miss Rand hasn't.' Hyman Barshay, Miss Rand's attorney, said: 'You would have to be looking very closely to see the over-exposure.' 'Isn't that what people go to night clubs for—to look closely?' asked Judge Morris Eder. He reserved decision.

Newsweek

Difficult Choice?

THE International Artists Committee of 247 Parke Ave., Manhattan, announced today its selection of the ten most clamorous women of 1946.

Brooklyn Eagle

Stunning!

PROMPTLY at 9 o'clock the President, clad in black tie, and Mrs. Truman, wearing a stunning dark gold lamé evening gown, arrived at the Seventeenth street entrance of the Mayflower Hotel.

Washington Star

Domestic 'U.N.O.'?

TO a distinctive household which demands gracious living, this old-world group of trained servitors is now available: English butler, Russian chef, Swedish upstairs maid, Irish parlour maid, English chauffeur-gardener, Belgian groom and whip. Can be engaged only as a unit. Call 'Hurley' for appointment. Wilton 648.

Wilton (Conn.) Bulletin

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